

The Sketch

No. 630.—VOL. XLIX.

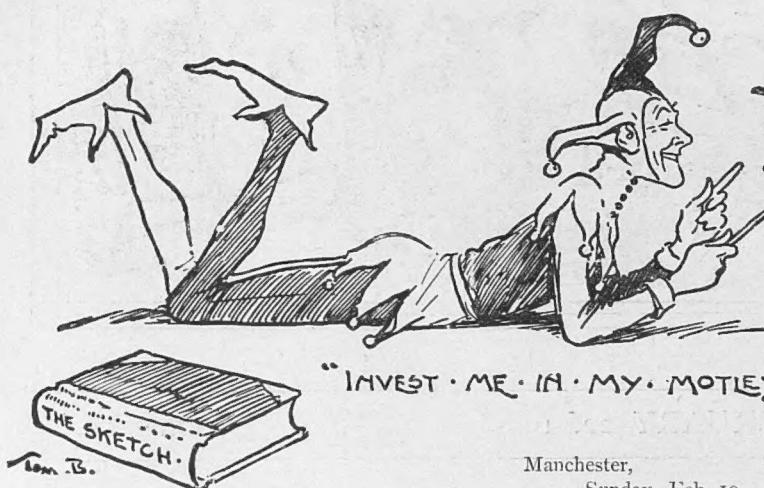
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS) AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Ellis and Valery.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

Manchester,
Sunday, Feb. 19.

TWAS a strange, great, exhilarating sight upon which I gazed last night from the stalls of the Queen's Theatre of this city. From floor to ceiling of the vast house I saw row upon row of pale, watching faces—the faces of men, women, and girls, who toil the year long in grimy factories, wearing through life amid the cold squalor of hard, unlovely streets. And what was it, do you suppose, that had brought this multitude, weary of themselves and each other, to the Queen's Theatre? They had come to listen to the love-story that shall never find its equal in this poor, prosaic old world—the love-story of "Romeo and Juliet" as told by Shakspere. Nor was last night, let me tell you, an exceptional occasion. For seven weeks this simple revival has held the stage of the Queen's Theatre, and I was told that the run is to continue for a further period of nine weeks. The Londoner may sneer at the provinces, but the provinces, in their genuine love of art, have yet a lesson for Londoners.

I had heard, of course, of the wonderful success of this revival. I had heard, more especially, of Miss Margaret Halstan's triumph as Juliet. Well, now that I have come and seen for myself, I can endorse, with enthusiasm, all that was told me. There have been great Juliets in times gone by—actresses of power, emotion, experience. Most of them, however, have lacked the kingly gift of youth. Not so Miss Halstan. She has that rare, that almost impossible combination of endowments for this exacting part—the fresh beauty of a very young girl and the soul of a woman. In the opening scenes she seemed so frail, so sweet, so simply tender that one trembled for the moment when she must rise to the heights of tragedy. But, when the moment came, the childishness was all cast away, and, with the deepening voice, the hopeless outlook upon fate, we saw the Juliet who, of a truth, had come into her kingdom of sorrow unbearable.

Spring is at hand! I mention this, not as a matter of news, but rather that I may get even with the Spring Poet. Once on a time, when I sat on hard benches and struggled to relieve the depressing influence of some hideous class-room with cheap comic papers, I used to imagine that the Spring Poet had no more existence in real life than the humorous office-boy. Later, when I became an editor, I discovered that the Spring Poet not only existed, but that his torments and atrocities far exceeded the most unhealthy flights of imagination on the part of the people who prepared for my halfpenny the journals to which I have alluded. At this very moment, believe me or not as you think fit, the Spring Poet is working overtime all the week round in order to cope with the demand that he has managed to create for his April goods. Had he the gift of providence, of course, he would have done the work upon which he is now engaged last Spring. As it is, you have only to pass his house at midnight during the month of February, and you shall see, silhouetted on the blind, eight nervous fingers that tear recklessly at eight locks of hair. The Spring Poet, though, does not knock off work when he has completed his tale of Spring goods. On the contrary, April sees him tinting the autumn leaves with yellow, whilst Autumn, in its turn, necessitates a rhyming of "Yule" with "who'll," "squire" with "choir," and "peace" with "geese."

In the meantime, the Poet's wife busies herself with household duties. She is a good woman, but worried, and the Poet's trick of wandering round the kitchen and toying abstractedly with the uncooked vegetables whilst he is striving after a rhyme does not tend to perfect domestic felicity. The conversation of the couple, on such occasions, would run, I fancy, in this way—

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
(“Chicot”).

POET. Do you happen to know any word, dear, that rhymes with "carol"?

HIS WIFE. No, darling. Don't upset that flour. I want it for the pie.

POET. Carol? Carol? What a rotten word!

HIS WIFE. Can't you alter the line, so as to get "carol" in the middle and an easier word at the end?

POET. I could, of course, only the line I've got now is rather pretty. It goes, "The budding thrush sends up his April carol." Rather nice, don't you think?

HIS WIFE. Who's it for?

POET. The commission from the *Ludgate Gazette*, you know.

HIS WIFE. Oh, that wretched Smith-Horton! I should alter "budding thrush," if I were you.

POET. Why? I rather liked that. It suggests—

HIS WIFE. Yes, I know, but Smith-Horton always insists on a meaning, doesn't he?

POET. Smith-Horton's a Philistine. It's a desecration of one's art to write for him at all. Besides, he only pays threepence a line.

HIS WIFE. Didn't we have this same difficulty about "carol" once before?

POET. Yes, when we were at Ramsgate in August. I had it in my Christmas verses for the *Fleet Magazine*, if you remember.

HIS WIFE. Of course. Don't get your coat in the lard, darling.

POET. Dash it all! I wish you wouldn't put those things so near the edge of the table.

HIS WIFE. Well, dear, you're not obliged to come into the kitchen when I'm cooking, are you?

POET. I suppose one can go where one likes in one's own house!

HIS WIFE. You wouldn't like it if I came into your study while you were writing.

POET. You often do, anyhow.

HIS WIFE. Only when it's absolutely necessary. If we had another cupboard in here I shouldn't have to keep the groceries in there.

POET. One can't buy cupboards without money.

HIS WIFE. No, and you can't earn money without working.

POET. I like that! Haven't I been worrying all the morning to find something to rhyme with "carol"?

HIS WIFE. You have certainly been worrying, dear.

POET. Look here, Emma! It's all very well—Jove! I've got it!

HIS WIFE. That's a good thing.

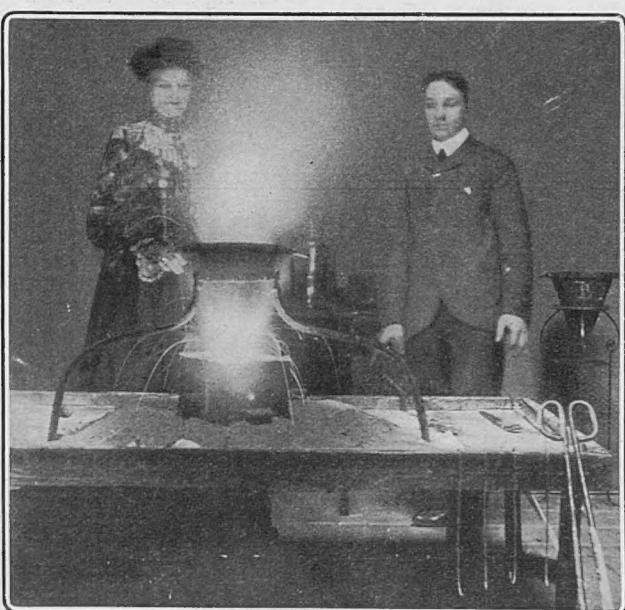
POET. "Quarrel"—that's the word. Thanks awfully, darling. (Rushes out.)

I have been told, by entirely irresponsible people, that the gentleman who protested last week, from a top box at a certain theatre, against the introduction of a certain name mentioned in the play in connection with Ginger Ale, was an advertising agent. The art of advertising, therefore, becomes so much the more complicated and interesting. For example, can you not imagine somebody getting up after the first Act of "Beauty and the Barge," and exclaiming, "Hi! This is all very funny, you know, but *my* name happens to be Captain Barley, and I shall be appearing at the Coliseum next week with a marvellous troupe of performing oysters! The most thrilling show in London! Don't miss it!" Or some energetic author, again, may spring to his feet after the second Act of "Mollentrave on Women," wave a flamboyant poster, and cry, "Mollentrave, ladies and gentlemen, was a humbug and a fool, but I, Cyril St. Luther Meredith, am the greatest living authority on the subject of feminine idiosyncrasies! My new novel, entitled 'The Utter Astonishment of Lord Michigan,' will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Kill, Pulpyleaf, and Co., price six shillings! You must read it, really!"

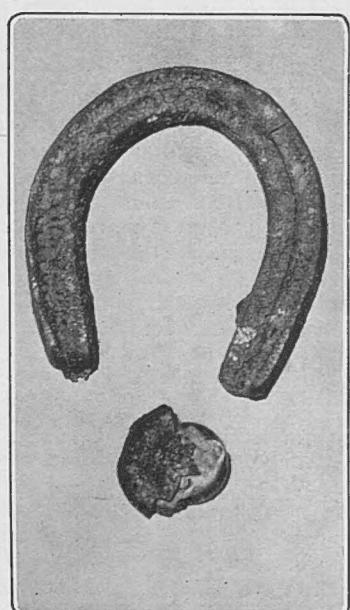
A HEAT OF 5,200 FAHRENHEIT. AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE: MELTING IRON IN A TOP-HAT.



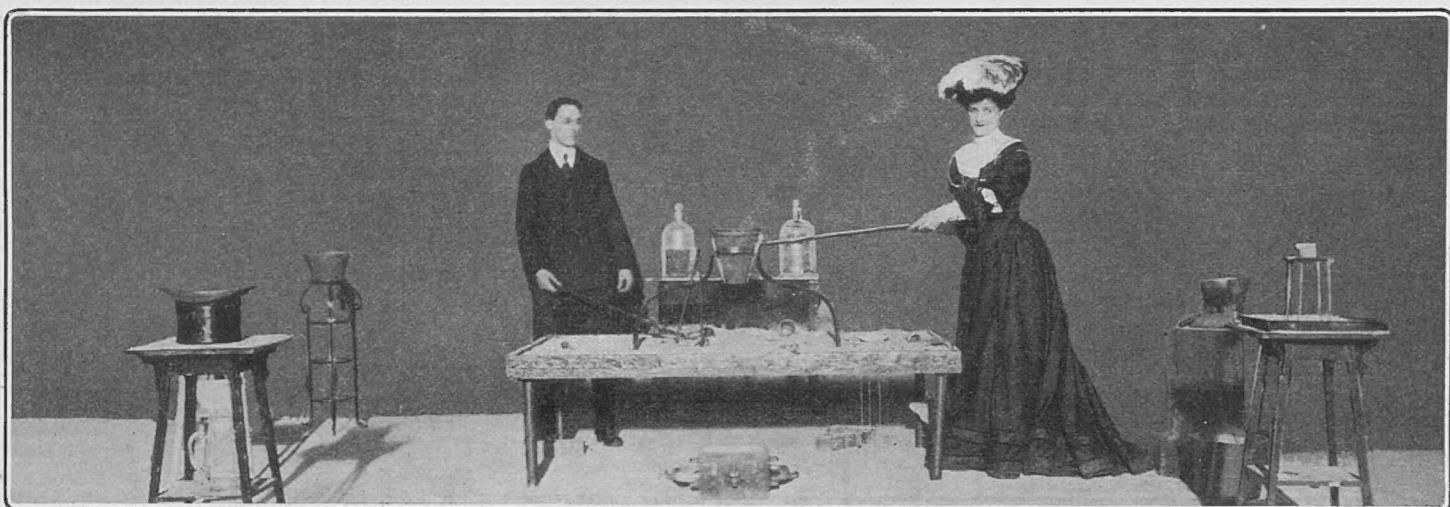
AN IRON PLATE PIERCED BY A SINGLE DROP OF THE LIQUID METAL.



CASTING A HORSE-SHOE IN TEN SECONDS.



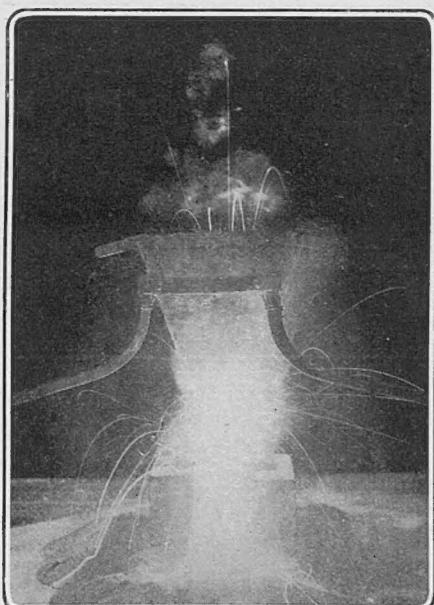
A HORSE-SHOE MADE IN 10 SECONDS, AND THE INGOT MADE IN A HAT.



MISS LOU ROBINSON, WITH THE CRUCIBLE AND OTHER APPARATUS USED IN HER EXPERIMENTS TO SHOW THE FORCE PRODUCED BY INTENSE HEAT.



MELTING IRON IN A TOP-HAT UNDER A HEAT OF 5,200 FAHRENHEIT.



IRON PIERCED BY IRON: THE LIQUID METAL PIERCING AN IRON PLATE.



THE LIQUID METAL PIERCING AN IRON PLATE AFTER PASSING THROUGH A FOOT OF COLD WATER.

"The Crucible," presented at the London Pavilion by Miss Lou Robinson, is a worthy follower of "The Magic Kettle," of which, in a sense, it is a parallel. The force of the Kettle, however, was cold; that of the Crucible is heat, a heat produced by the ignition of a few pinches of a chemical, placed upon a black powder, and said to be 5,200 Fahrenheit. The black powder is poured into a small crucible, the unnamed chemical added, and the latter lit with an ordinary match. The result is a white light of intense power, and, in some thirty seconds, a solid lump of iron. In similar manner, the liquid metal produced is directed into a mould, and, in ten seconds or so, a horse-shoe is formed. A short time longer for finishing this on the anvil, and it is ready to be handed round to the audience. The silk-hat experiment, in which an ingot of iron is made in a hat filled with sand, is designed to prove that the heat is localised and does not affect its surroundings. More remarkable still is the piercing of an iron plate, through which the liquid passes with the ease of a knife passing through paper.

THE CLUBMAN.

Tolstoy and the Bournemouth Band—Our People-Oppressing Institutions—The Russian Officers from Port Arthur—Navy and Army—“Rule, Britannia,” under Difficulties—The Aristocratic French Navy—The Court-martialling of General Stoessel.

THAT Tolstoy should turn and rend England, saying that its tyranny is almost as bad as that of Russia, is humorous, and the instance he quotes, that an exiled Russian who lives five miles distant from Bournemouth is forced to pay for the upkeep of the Bournemouth band, will raise a smile, though the great patriot is not quite correct in his facts. A permanent war concerning the rates always rages at Bournemouth, and, no doubt, the exiled Russian enters into it with full zest; but the Bournemouth band, being an exceptionally good one, pays expenses, as a good band will always do at a watering-place.

But it will astonish a great many people who really believe that Great Britain is the land of the free to find that the great apostle of freedom regards our most cherished institutions, our municipal governing bodies, and the like, as instruments for the oppression of the people. Only the other day an intelligent and friendly Frenchman told me that our British Army had relied for the past century solely on the fame our infantry gained in the Peninsula, and I should not be astonished now if some venturesome German cast a doubt on Britannia's reign over the waves.

The Russian Generals and Admirals who have returned from Port Arthur seem to have beguiled the tedium of the voyage by throwing doubt on the efficiency and patriotism of their brother commanders. Such excellent “copy” as this was not to be missed by the French reporters who were on board, even though the publication in Paris of these untimely recriminations should weaken the cordiality between the two allied nations, as it probably will. The Russians seem to have carried the jealousy which exists, to some extent, in all great nations between the Army and Navy to most unusual lengths.

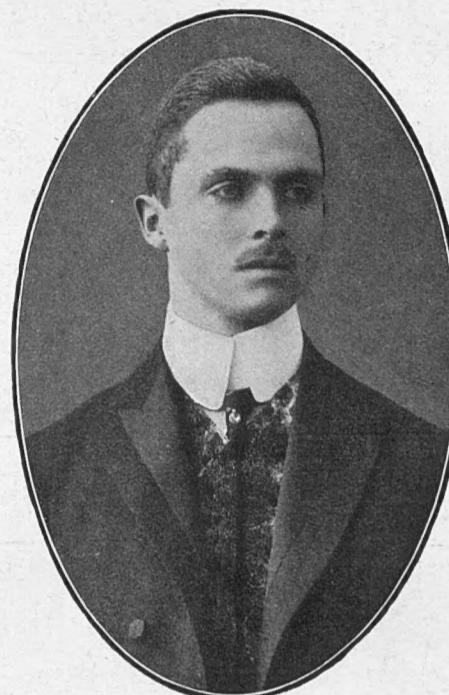
In England, the friction between the Services is inappreciable and only shows itself in little skirmishes over precedence. I remember a dreadful storm in a tea-cup in one of the minor Colonies because a Colonel commanding a regiment had been sent in to dinner before the commander of the gunboat

The “A.D.C.” was, however, an officer in the Colonel's regiment, and, therefore, the peppery naval officer saw in the mistake not only an attempt on the part of the Army to oust the Navy from its position as the senior Service, but an attempt to exalt the Colonel personally at the expense of all naval officers. The commander of the gunboat came in full uniform to interview the Governor, and that genial and peaceful official was much surprised at the hornets'-nest his “A.D.C.” had stirred up. Explanations and an apology smoothed the ruffled feathers officially, while unofficially, as most of the sailors were dining next guest-night at the Mess, we tried and condemned that “A.D.C.” about midnight by a subalterns' court-martial of the joint Services—that I ever took part in such an awful thing is, of course, a matter of deep regret to me.

The sentence, I remember, was that the guilty man should be mast-headed by climbing the roof of the Mess-house, and that he should stay there for the space of half-an-hour, and sing “Rule, Britannia,” with such variations as might occur to him. Perched on the top of the great stretch of thatch, the “A.D.C.” sang like a nightingale, while the joint Services standing below in the moonlight assisted him by interpolating a chorus at uncertain intervals. The next day the Colonel summoned us all before him and complained of what he called “the howls” which had disturbed his slumbers. We, with the self-effacement which is characteristic of the British officer, endured his reproaches in silence and never let him know how we had restored the good feeling between the Services which he had jeopardised.

The French Army considers the Navy too aristocratic a Service. The sailors of our friend across the Channel certainly do consider themselves a *corps d'élite*, and I believe that the proportion of Royalist and Imperialist French naval officers is a large one. During the years I was in the Far East, I used to see something of the Russian naval officers, at Yokohama and elsewhere, and I was astonished to find what bad feeling existed between the officers of the Siberian Navy and those of men-of-war sent out to the East on particular service. The officers who belonged to the European squadrons would scarcely speak to the men who belonged to the ships permanently stationed in Eastern waters, and talked of them as though they were quite inferior beings.

Most soldiers will, I think, sympathise with General Stoessel, who will appear before a Court to account for his conduct of the defence of Port Arthur. It is always easy for an observer after the event to point out how the defence could have been conducted on much better lines, and I cannot recall any siege that has not given rise, afterwards,

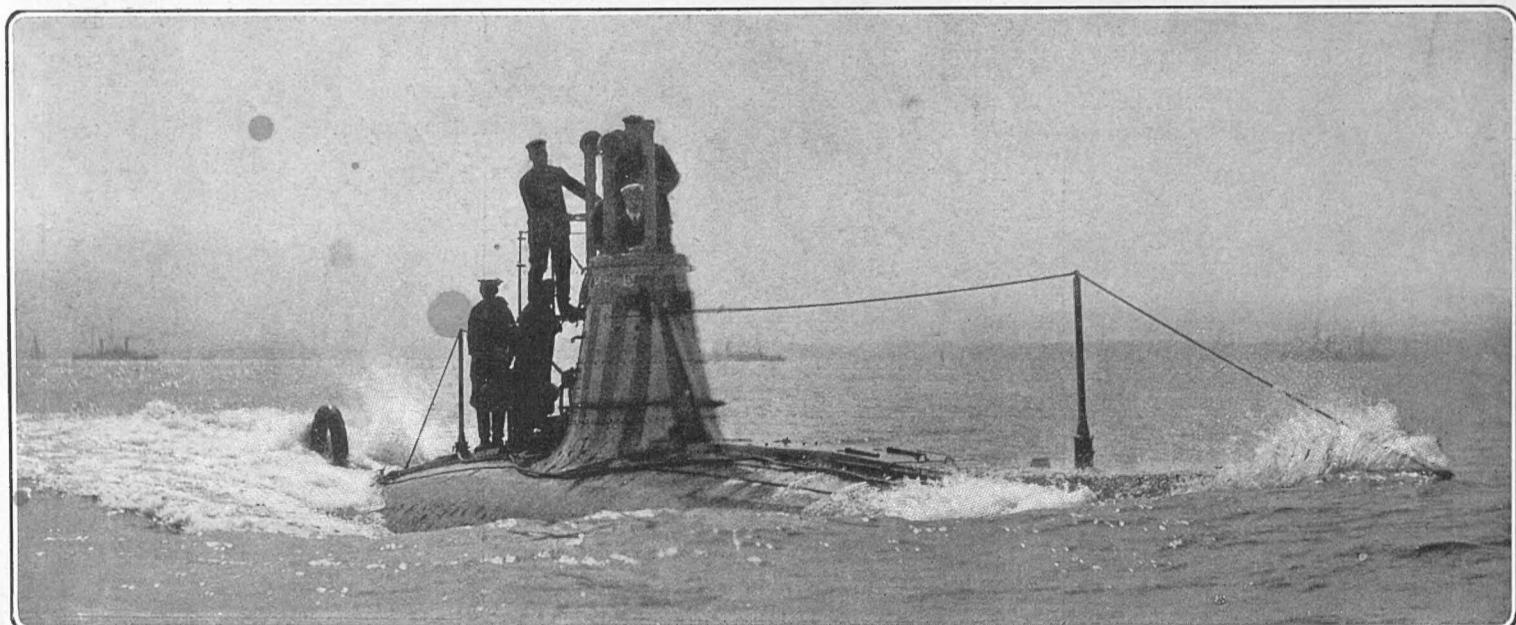


THE ROYAL BETROTHAL : DUKE CHARLES EDWARD OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA,

WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA ADELAIDE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-GLUECKSBURG.

The young Duke, who is better known in this country as the Duke of Albany, is in his twenty-first year, and is the posthumous and only son of Prince Leopold, youngest brother of the King. He succeeded to the Ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the death of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1900, the Duke of Connaught renouncing his own rights in favour of his nephew.

Photograph by W. S. Stuart.



THE SECOND DISASTER TO OUR SUBMARINE FLOTILLA: “A 5” RUNNING AT ELEVEN AND A-HALF KNOTS.

For the second time, a disaster involving the death of a number of Naval men has occurred to one of our submarine-fleet. In the case of the “A 5,” however, the vessel, which was alongside the “Hazard” in Queenstown Harbour, was not sunk, although the first explosion aboard her was followed by a second while the rescuers were at work. By the irony of fate, the “A 5” was brand-new, and was to have made her first dive on the very day of the disaster.

Photograph by Cribb.

on the station. One or the other, I forget which, had a special claim to honour, as being the senior officer of his Service on the station, and the guilty “A.D.C.” who had made the blunder had believed that he was acting in accordance with the scale of precedence.

to stories belittling the commander of the defence. These stories do not come from the men who endured the strain, but, as a rule, from the feather-bed critics who always would have done so much better than the man in the field if they had been in his place.

KILLED BY THE HAND OF THE PEOPLE.



THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS ALEXANDROVITCH, UNCLE OF THE CZAR, ASSASSINATED IN MOSCOW ON FRIDAY LAST.

The Grand Duke Sergius, who was killed instantaneously by a bomb thrown under his carriage while he was driving from the Historical Museum to the Kremlin Palace, Moscow, has been called the Czar's evil genius, and it is as certain that his influence with His Imperial Majesty was great as it is certain that he frequently misused that influence. As guardian of Nicholas II., he is said to have performed his duties in anything but a satisfactory manner; as a soldier, he was a pitiless disciplinarian; as Governor-General of Moscow, he proved himself a strong reactionist, an oppressor of the Jews, and one whose severity, to say nothing of conduct of a more personal character, made him extremely unpopular. Lately, he is said to have been in the bad books of even the Royal family, and many a strange, and seemingly circumstantial, story has been told of his share in the recent Red Cross and other scandals. He was born on April 29, 1857, the son of the Emperor Alexander—himself assassinated in St. Petersburg—and married the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and of Princess Alice of England.

Photograph by Jasenritov, Moscow.

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LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

IMPORTANT TRAIN ALTERATIONS.

NEW AND ACCELERATED SERVICES.

Commencing March 1, 1905.

Numerous improvements will be made in the TRAIN SERVICES from LONDON (Euston) to LEAMINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, and SHREWSBURY, and vice versa, the journey between LONDON and BIRMINGHAM being performed in TWO HOURS

by FOUR TRAINS in each direction.

EASTBOURNE, BRIGHTON, AND BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER.

The 11.35 a.m. Express, Eastbourne to Willesden, will be extended to Crewe, and will arrive Birmingham 4.40 p.m., Liverpool 6.30 p.m., and Manchester (London Road) 6.25 p.m.

A NEW EXPRESS TRAIN, with through carriage for Brighton and Eastbourne, will leave Warwick (Milverton) at 1.7 p.m., and Leamington (Avenue) 1.12 p.m., and will be due to arrive Euston 3.15 p.m., Brighton 5.5, and Eastbourne 6 p.m.

A NEW EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Manchester (London Road) at 11.20 a.m. for Brighton and Eastbourne, attaching at Crewe the Brighton and Eastbourne carriages off the 11 a.m. from Liverpool, and at Rugby those off the 1 p.m. from Birmingham.

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER.

The 2.15 p.m. Express, Euston to Liverpool, Manchester, and Windermere, will leave at 2.40 p.m., cease to call at Willesden and Rugby, and arrive Liverpool 6.30 p.m. as now, Manchester (London Road) 6.25 p.m., and Windermere at 9.10 p.m.

The 11.5 a.m., Liverpool (Lime Street) to Euston, will leave at 11 a.m., call at Stafford, cease to call at Willesden, and be accelerated to arrive Euston 3.15 p.m.

LONDON AND STOURBRIDGE AND KIDDERMINSTER.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the new 11.50 a.m. Express from Euston due Birmingham (New Street) 1.50 p.m. will leave Birmingham (New Street) at 2.5 p.m. for Smethwick Junction, connecting with the 2.46 p.m. from Smethwick Junction due Stourbridge Junction 3.12, and Kidderminster 3.33 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the new 4.45 p.m. Express from Euston due Birmingham 6.45 p.m. will leave Birmingham (New Street) at 6.55 p.m. for Smethwick Junction, connecting with the 7.15 p.m. from Smethwick Junction due Stourbridge Junction 7.30, and Kidderminster 7.45 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the 1.20 p.m. from Kidderminster, and 1.44 from Stourbridge Junction, will leave Smethwick Junction at 2.25 p.m. for Birmingham (New Street), connecting with the 2.45 p.m. Express from Birmingham (New Street) due Euston 4.45 p.m.

A NEW TRAIN in connection with the 6.35 p.m. from Kidderminster, and 6.54 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction, will leave Smethwick Junction at 7.24 p.m., and will connect at Birmingham (New Street) with the new 8.15 p.m. train to London due Euston 10.45 p.m.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

NEW THROUGH TRAINS for Cambridge, calling only at Bicester on the Oxford Branch, will leave Oxford at 10.50 a.m., 12.55 p.m., and 5.40 p.m., arriving Cambridge 1.20, 3.45, and 8.10 p.m. respectively.

The 9.40 a.m., 1.45 p.m., and 7.10 p.m., Cambridge to Bletchley, will be THROUGH TRAINS to Oxford, calling at Bicester only on the Oxford Branch, and arriving Oxford 12.5 noon, 4.20 p.m., and 9.50 p.m. respectively.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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A FAMOUS SINGER AT HOME : MADAME PATTI
AT HER CASTLE IN WALES.
Photograph by Langfier.

graphed in groups, and it is interesting to note how strongly the individualities both of the Czar and the Czarina and of their immediate relations come out in the photograph of which we give a reproduction. The late Emperor was by no means fond of photography: he is said to have once observed that a camera looked uncommonly like an infernal machine; but his son sits for his portrait almost as often as does the German Emperor. The lovely Empress is fond of being taken in national costume, as are also the Grand Duchesses.



RULER OF THE CZAR'S "NAVEE":
THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.
Photograph by Hahn.

time on the sea; he prefers the Boulevard to the Baltic, and devotes a good many of his long holidays to the delights of Paris. The Grand Duke is one of the wealthiest members of his order, and, as he is generous and kindly to those with whom he comes in contact, he is personally very popular among the St. Petersburg poor. He is credited with disliking this country, and it is a curious fact that he never comes to England, although he has always been on personally friendly terms with our Sovereign.

The Prince and India. The accuracy of the statement that the Prince of Wales was to start his long-anticipated

tour in India next August is denied. That His Royal Highness is to follow his father's example by visiting our greatest dependency is well known, but dates have not yet been arranged, nor are they likely to be fixed for some little while yet. When the tour does take place, it is possible that the Princess will accompany her husband.

A Giant "M.P." Mr. John O'Connor, who has been returned unopposed as Nationalist Member for North Kildare, is by way of being the Machnow of the House of Commons, and his six feet five inches have earned him the prefix of "Long." A well-known lawyer, he speaks as well as he tells a good story, and it will be remembered that it was he who defended Jabez Balfour when that ingenuous, if not ingenuous,

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Czar is said to have described himself recently as "the saddest man in Europe," and it is not difficult to imagine what he must have gone through since the dawn of 1905. It is said that the Czarina is anxious to spend the summer in England, but she will not leave her husband to face the present difficult and dangerous situation alone. His Imperial Majesty is ardently desirous that some way shall be found of concluding an honourable peace.

The Russian Imperial Family are rarely photographed in groups, and it is interesting to note how strongly the individualities both of the Czar and the Czarina and of their immediate relations come out in the photograph of which we give a reproduction. The late Emperor was by no means fond of photography: he is said to have once observed that a camera looked uncommonly like an infernal machine; but his son sits for his portrait almost as often as does the German Emperor. The lovely Empress is fond of being taken in national costume, as are also the Grand Duchesses.

The Ruler of the Czar's "Navye." The Grand Duke Michael looks as though he hadn't a care in the world, and yet, if report speaks truly, this jovial, elderly, Imperial bachelor is largely responsible for his country's misfortunes in the Far East. His Imperial Highness is the sailor of the Romanoff family, but he has not spent much of his

projector returned from the Argentine. Like so many Irishmen to whom politics are the breath of the nostril, Mr. O'Connor has been a political suspect and prisoner on quite a number of occasions, and in his younger days he was an active Fenian, sworn to the Irish Republic and to take up arms at any moment, but in '79 he left "the rat-holes of conspiracy" for the more constitutional methods of Parnell. He was last in Parliament in 1892, having sat for South Tipperary for some seven years.



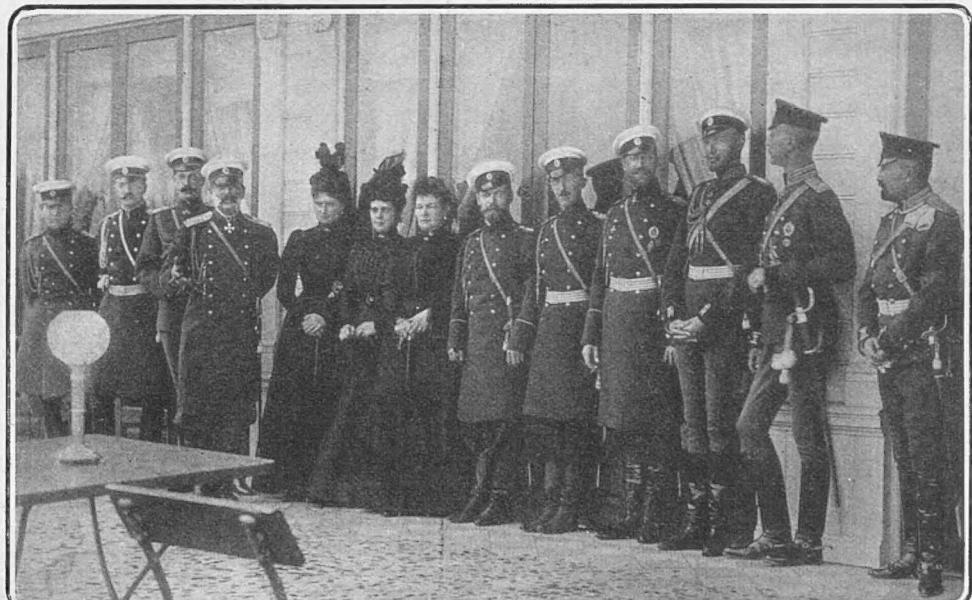
"THE SADDEST MAN IN EUROPE": THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

has been on term of really intimate friendship with many Crowned Heads and their Consorts, and, as those who have the privilege of her acquaintance are well aware, she is an admirable raconteuse.

"Count von Ravensberg." The German Crown Prince is travelling in Italy in the strictest incognito, under the name of Count von Ravensberg, and he intends to pay a visit to his fiancée, the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, who is staying at Cannes. The Kaiser was strongly opposed to this scheme at first, for he felt that the heir to the throne of Germany might be exposed to all sorts of "disagreeables" in a French town, but he gave his consent when the Prince announced his intention of preserving a strict incognito. Meanwhile, the Duchess has been paying a flying visit to the Prince in Italy, a journey which has much shocked the German sticklers for etiquette.

Grand Duke Cyril. Czarina. Grand Duchess Vladimir. Grand Duke Michael.



Grand Duke Cyril. Grand Duchess Helena. Czar. Grand Duke Serge.

A RARE PHOTOGRAPH: RUSSIAN ROYALTIES AT TSARKOE SELO.

Photograph by Topodenkin.

Rodin and Whistler. It is meet and fitting that the Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery should be opened to-day by the greatest sculptor of modern times, for the whimsical genius whose works are now gathered together for the first time was a great admirer of M. Rodin. Rodin, with his short, powerful figure, and shrewd, sensible face, is almost ludicrously unlike the great artist whom he has come over from Paris especially to honour. A typical Frenchman of the yeoman class, his appearance in no way denotes his marvellous poetic gift. M. Rodin—in this, also, very unlike Whistler—possesses to the highest degree the gentle art of making friends, and of late years he has become quite intimate with a number of our younger sculptors, who find in their friendship with him a great source of encouragement and inspiration.

New Faces in the House of Lords. Four Peers and a Bishop took their seats for the first time at the recent State opening of Parliament—the Earl of Hardwicke, Viscount Ridley, who sat in the place of his father, and Lord Clinton were three of these. The

Earl of Ranfurly, the fourth Peer on this occasion to take the oath, has been a Peer for many years, but was acting as Governor of New Zealand during the earlier Sessions of the present Parliament. The Bishop of Bangor, who was consecrated in 1899 and obtained a seat last year, was now introduced.

An Unwilling Imperial Berlin Attaché?

Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, whose principal claim to fame is that he is the Kaiser's brother-in-law, has no wish to represent the "Mailed Fist" at the seat of war in

According to current Berlin gossip,

beings. This misogyny was well known, so, one day, one of the most popular actresses of Berlin made a bet that she would get Menzel to paint her portrait. She, therefore, went to the studio, and the door was opened by the artist himself, as was his custom. "Who are you?" said he. "Ernestine Wegner, the actress." "Don't know you. What do you want?" "I want you to paint my portrait." "I don't do theatrical posters," said he, and he shut the door in her face.

A Stock Exchange Playwright. The author of "The Designers," Mr. Fritz Zorn, is now a member of the Stock Exchange, but he was originally intended for a solicitor, and spent some years in legal surroundings. His literary talent, of which he had given evidence before

of Norfolk and the Lord Chancellor whispered an explanation. Lord Salisbury for the first time held aloft the Sword of State, which was formerly in charge of the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Londonderry. Now the Marquis carries the crown, and the Duke was abroad at the opening of the Session.

A Genius with Water on the Brain. Adolf von Menzel was, almost without question, Germany's greatest painter since Dürer, yet, say the doctors, he was hydrocephalic; that is to say that, in less scientific language, he had water on the brain—further proof of the kinship between genius and madness. Curiously enough, a similar skull-formation characterised the great German physiologist and physicist Helmholtz.

Von Menzel and Woman. Von Menzel had a great dislike for women, and especially for actresses, because he represented their claim to be treated as superior

to men.



A STOCKBROKER-PLAYWRIGHT :
MR. FRITZ ZORN, AUTHOR OF
"THE DESIGNERS."

Photograph by Brooker.

The author of "The Designers," Mr. Fritz Zorn, is now a member of the Stock Exchange, but he was originally intended for a solicitor, and spent some years in legal surroundings. His literary talent, of which he had given evidence before

the production of his play in "Bunce, the Bobby, and the Broads," is evidently, in a measure, inherited, for a paternal uncle, the late Friedrich Albert Zorn, was the author of "Grammatik der Tanzkunst," and the late Alfred Knight, the well-known Anglo-Indian journalist, was his maternal uncle.

The King and the Nuns. Last summer, when the King was yachting in the Channel, a number of nuns who had been expelled from France landed at Folkestone. They looked about them for places in the train which was waiting to take them to London, and could find no room. Only one of them could speak a little English, and she, seeing a gentleman who wore a white cap and appeared to be in authority, thought he was the station-master, and went and asked him to put on another carriage to the train, as there was not enough room for all their party. The "station-master" was extremely polite, and gave orders that what they wanted should be done; another carriage was put on, and the nuns were ushered into a first-class compartment, in spite of their protestations that they had only third-class tickets. Some time afterwards, the nun who spoke English met a gentleman at Edinburgh, who said that he had met her before, and, as she could not remember the circumstance, he added, "It was at Folkestone, when you were talking to King Edward." "But I have never even seen King Edward!" cried the nun. "I beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "but you spoke to him one day when he had landed from his yacht almost unattended." And then for the first time the nun realised that she had mistaken the King for the station-master.

THE KAISER'S REPRESENTATIVE FOR MANCHURIA: PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD OF PRUSSIA.
Photograph by Hoffert.

Manchuria. But those whom the Emperor commands find it best to obey, and Prince Frederick Leopold has had to leave the life which suits him well in order to take notes of the great struggle for his Sovereign. The Prussian Prince should be interesting to British folk in that he is a brother of the Duchess of Connaught and the namesake of the late Duke of Albany. He is a clever, cultivated man, and keenly interested in his soldiers. His wife is a younger sister of the German Empress, and their four children have been the closest friends and companions of the Emperor's sons and little daughter.

A Possible Premier. Lord Spencer, whom his friends might well nickname "The Emerald Earl," in view of the discreet shelving of the Home Rule question in his much-discussed "manifesto," has been sometimes spoken of as a possible Premier. But this is an age of young men, and "The Red Earl" is no longer in his first youth. That he is still full of vigour, however, was sufficiently shown by the epistle which has been so warmly criticised.

"Pray be seated," not "Take your seats, gentlemen"—as a great newspaper reported—was the command of the King to the upstanding Ambassadors, Lords spiritual and temporal, Peeresses and Commoners, at the opening of Parliament. Two years ago, all remained standing while His Majesty read the Speech, but on this occasion, as well as last February, they received a gracious command to be seated. The King glanced at the side gallery where friends of their Majesties had places, and, as there was some delay in the arrival of the Commons, the Duke



"THE EMERALD EARL": LORD SPENCER,
OF "MANIFESTO" FAME.
Photograph by Lafayette.



THE NEW EARL OF KENMARE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

his four-and-fortieth year without experience of military and official life, and he has been Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Victoria, was State Steward to the Earl of Aberdeen during his Viceroyalty of Ireland, and is Hon. Colonel of the 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, a County Councillor for Killarney, and Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant. Lady Kenmare was the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, and is, of course, a sister of the present holder of the title.

The Royal Lord Warden. The Prince of Wales is by no means the only

Royalty who has accepted the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports; but in the passage of years the office, although retaining its picturesqueness to the full, has been bereft of numerous attributes. Originally the position carried with it the Governorship of Dover Castle, which meant that its owner was responsible for the manning and provisioning of the Navy, was Lord-Lieutenant and Sheriff, High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Custos Rotulorum, arbiter of life and death, and entitled to a magnificent salary, to say nothing of profits accruing from "rights of soc and sac, tolol and theam, bloodwith and fledwith, pillory and tumbril, infangtheof and outfangtheof, dok and dym." Nowadays the privileges are less, but, if for that reason alone, the Prince's term of office will certainly not be less popular than those of his Royal predecessors

The Earl and Countess of Kenmare. Both the new Earl and the

Countess of Kenmare are closely identified with Ireland and with Ireland's interests and industries—the one is owner of some twenty thousand acres of the Killarney country; the other has made the district her especial care for a good many years past, and founded the prosperous local furniture industry that has been of such material assistance to those who are now her husband's tenants. Lord Kenmare has not, of course, passed

in the title—Edward I., Henry V., Richard III., Henry VIII., James II., and Prince George of Denmark, Consort of Queen Anne.

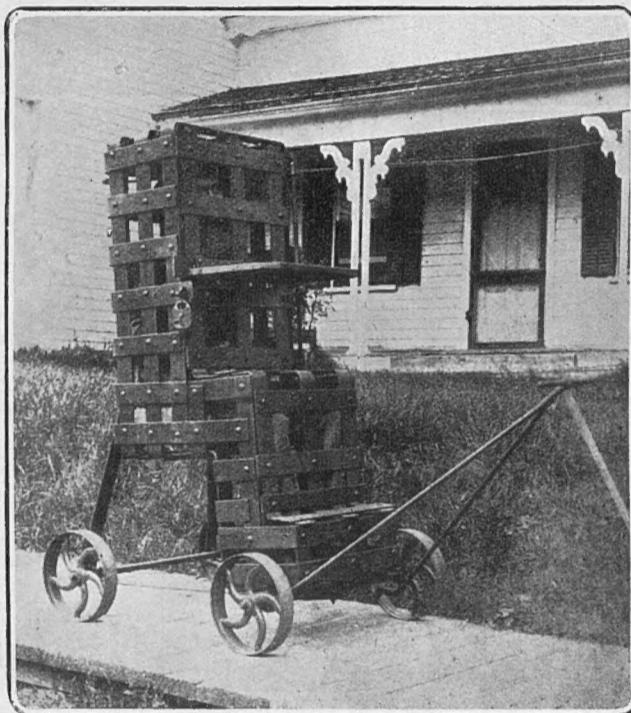
"Paper Lords" No Longer. The Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland,

and especially their wives, have to thank the King for an act of courtesy that was needed for the abolition of an anomaly and for the settlement of a question that was a frequent cause of inconvenience. For over three hundred years the Judges of the Court of Session have been privileged to take the rank and title of Baron and to hold it as long as they held their judicial office. It is this limitation that is done away with, and in future the "Paper Lords," as they were dubbed to distinguish them from Peers, will no longer return to the plain "Mister" on their retirement. The Judges' wives have even greater cause for recognition of His Majesty's thoughtfulness, for, up to the present, their husbands' position has never given them rank, and they have had to be content with "Mrs."

As the Judge may now retain his title for life, so his wife becomes "Lady" when he becomes "Lord," and may even retain the dignity during widowhood.



THE NEW COUNTESS OF KENMARE.

Photograph by Russell.A PROPOSED CAGE FOR VAGRANTS: THE TRAMP-CHAIR
INVENTED BY A MAINE SHERIFF.*Photograph by G. G. Bain.*

D'Annunzio. Gabriele D'Annunzio, who, at the moment of writing, is reported to be seriously ill, is suggested as a possible and fitting candidate for the Chair of Literature in the University of Bologna, soon to be vacant. It is needless to argue the claims that the poet and novelist has upon such a position—there will be many to support and as many to scoff—but his candidature, if he prove a candidate, should yield an interesting contest. The state of candidate, by the way, is not new to him, although the office he sought is vastly different from the office he is said to seek—he has been Deputy for his native village to the Italian Parliament for some years. The greater part of his life is now spent in Florence.



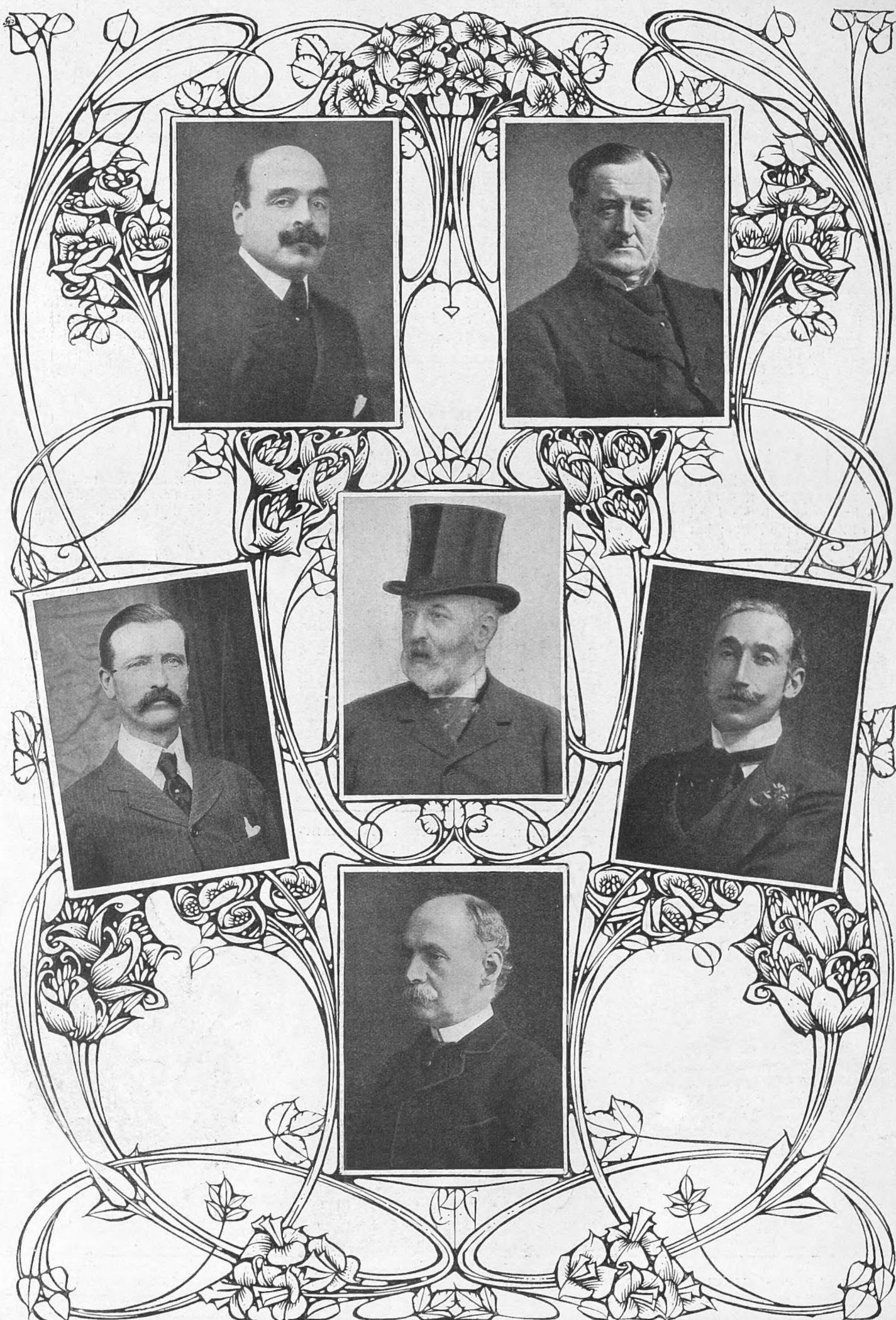
A RIVAL TO THE PRINT-COLLECTING MILKMAN: A FISHERMAN'S COLLECTION OF DUTCH FAIENCE.

The London milkman who has what is claimed to be a unique collection of old prints worth not less than a thousand pounds, and containing examples of Joshua Reynolds, R. Westall, G. B. Cipriani and Bartolozzi, Ledder and Carden, Bucks and Baxter, and Morland, has long had a rival in the person of the Marken fisherman, De Waart, who is noted all over Holland for his collection of antique Dutch faience. His cottage, of a corner of which we give a photograph, was burned down a few days ago.

Photograph by Gribayedoff.MR. W. T. STEAD MAKES HOLIDAY AT GRINDELWALD,
AND TAKES TO TOBOGGANING.

Mr. Stead has escaped from the polemical atmosphere of the "Playgoer's Club" to breathe the serener air of Grindelwald. Who would have thought some twenty years ago that the then editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" would ever become one of those national institutions the mere mention of whose name raises an appreciative smile? "W. T. S." as his friends call him, has, at any rate, the great virtue of always having something to say and the knack of making that something unconventional.

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF THE KING.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Russell.

THE MARQUESS DE SOVERAL
(Portuguese Minister in England).

MR. WILLIAM JAMES.

LORD ROTHSCHILD (Financier).
LORD KNOLLYS (Private Secretary to His Majesty).

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.

SIR E. A. SASOON.

See "Small Talk of the Week."

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF THE KING.

Photographs by Dickinson, Ellis and Walery, Elliott and Fry, Maull and Fox, Russell, and Thomson.MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD
(Financier).THE HON. HENRY JULIAN STONOR
(Groom in Waiting and Gentleman to His Majesty).

LORD ROSEBERY.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL
(Merchant).LORD SUFFIELD
(Lord of Waiting in Ordinary to His Majesty).LORD ESHER
(Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle).

See "Small Talk of the Week."

COUNT MENSDORFF-POUILLY
(Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in England).LIEUT.-COLONEL COUNT GLEICHEN
(Extra Equerry to the King).LORD BURNHAM
(Principal Proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*).

Intimate Friends of the King. The King is rich in friends. His Majesty is faithful to those whose tie with him may be called hereditary, such, for instance, as Count Mensdorff,

Count Gleichen, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stonor, Mr. Sidney Greville, Captain Holford, and last, not least, Lord Knollys, whose own father was for long attached to their Majesties' Households, and certain members of the Court world have been known to their Sovereign from their birth. Of His Majesty's contemporaries and friends of early manhood, Lord Suffield and Lord Carrington may be specially mentioned. For something like forty years these two Peers have been in constant Royal favour, as has also the stalwart statesman who was a Protectionist long before Protection became fashionable; we refer, of course, to Mr. Henry Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin and his (political) adversary, Lord Rosebery, are always included in the King's birthday party at Sandringham.

The Sovereign's Favourite Hosts. Those of the King's personal friends who most often and most successfully entertain the Sovereign include both commoners and Peers, Lord Howe,

Lord Alington, Lord Farquhar (the only commoner who ever acted as "best man" at a Royal wedding, that of the Duke and Duchess of Fife), Lord Gosford, Lord Burton, Lord Burnham (who can claim to have the best shooting within easy reach of London), Lord Rothschild, and last, by no means least, Mr. "Willie" James, whose pretty, clever wife was a Miss Forbes of Newe, almost invariably forming part of a Royal house-party; and during the last few years one of our King's favourite companions has been the Marquess de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister; and Lord Esher, the one-time private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire, has also been constantly at Court since the Accession, his fine taste commanding him to the Sovereign.

A Few More. The King has long shown special favour to the great Rothschild clan. As Prince of Wales,

His Majesty was present at the marriage of "Mr. Leopold" and Miss Perugia, this being the first time His Royal Highness had been present at a Jewish wedding. His Majesty is often Lord Rothschild's guest, both in town and country, and it was when staying with the late Baron de Rothschild that the King, then, of course, Prince of Wales, injured his knee. Various members of the Sassoon family are also honoured with the Royal friendship.

Next Week's Weddings. March opens brilliantly from a matrimonial point of view, and two interesting marriages will be celebrated on the 1st—that of Mr. Hugo Baring and

House, who is also King's Lieutenant of Nairn, was married not very long ago to Miss Violet Hope.

Lady Paston Cooper, the wife of the Crimean veteran who celebrated his eightieth birthday last year, was, at the time of her marriage to Sir Astley, Mrs. J. S. Ferguson, the widow of an officer belonging to the Life Guards. She is popular in military society and takes great interest in the various soldiers' charities. Our portrait of her is by Mrs. Gertrude Massey, and is a



A POPULAR MEMBER OF MILITARY SOCIETY :
LADY PASTON COOPER.

From the Pastel by Gertrude Massey.

reproduction of a pastel of unusual size—seven feet high.

A Truly Royal Gift. The Prince of Wales's gift of four pictures

to the Irish National Gallery is one worthy of an enlightened patron of art, and is sure to gratify every type of Irishman. In this matter, the Heir-Apparent is following the magnificent example set to all modern monarchs by the old French line of Kings. Every provincial museum in fair

France has enduring tokens of how generous and enlightened as art-patrons were Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to say nothing of the great Napoleon, who had the wit to follow in his predecessors' footsteps. His Royal Highness made a happy choice, for Constable is a name that all lovers of art, whatever their nationality, must revere, and Corot is acknowledged to have been the greatest landscape artist of his nation and of the last century.

Actors and Arbitration. The cause of universal peace is progressing indeed, when the scheme to promote international arbitration is to have a theatre of its own. An association has been formed in New York having this idea for its basis, and Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, the well-known actor, is one of its Vice-Presidents. On the Committee are Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Edward Terry, as well as many of the best American "stars."

A Veteran Actor. The death of Mr. Lewis Ball, which was recorded in the daily papers in the middle of last week, has been a subject of considerable interest in the theatrical world, for the old gentleman, who was in his eighty-fifth year, was regarded as one of the grand old men of the drama. Until within the last three or four years, Mr. Ball was a member of Mr. Edward Compton's Company in the provinces, playing the leading old men.

Mrs. Allan Daly. Mrs. Allan Daly is engaged to be married to Mr. A. Brodrick Leslie-Melville, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie-Melville. She is the only daughter of the late Colonel Harvey Penny.

The Early Spring Season. The Early Spring Season has opened brilliantly, thanks, in a great measure, to the political situation, which is, naturally, one of intense interest to every section of the London world. Will there not be a dissolution? That is the one question which all the world is asking itself. Meanwhile, of considerable moment, both to the Court and to Society, is the newest engagement—that of the Princess of Wales's intimate friend and Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Lygon, to Major the Hon. Henry Trefusis, of the Scots Guards.



MRS. ALLAN DALY, ENGAGED TO MR. A. BRODRICK LESLIE-MELVILLE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Lady Magheramorne, who have decided that their wedding shall take place in London after all, and not at St. Giles', the country place of the bride's brother, Lord Shaftesbury; and that of pretty Miss Sydney Brodie and Mr. Alfred Oppenheim. Miss Brodie is the daughter of the head of one of the great Scottish clans, Brodie of Brodie, and she is connected by ties of blood with the Duke of Fife. Her brother, the present head of the family and owner of Brodie

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is the custom in Europe to believe that our cousins of the United States are compelled by exigencies of political development to do most of their fighting through the medium of their Yellow Press. Their regular army numbers no more than seventy thousand men, or about ten or twelve per cent. of the numbers that face each other in Manchuria, waiting for the milder days that will unravel for so many the riddle of the Universe. But a recent discourse at the Royal United Service Institution taught me that the United States could count upon the services of seventeen million able-bodied men in time of invasion, some two million more than the aggregate of the mobilised armies of Europe. Seeing that the United States are hardly likely to be invaded at any time save by the water, it is clear that the intending invaders must be prepared to see stars and feel stripes. Small wonder that, with the full knowledge set out here, the Senators of the United States are quite prepared to tear up Treaties of Arbitration whose wording vexes their sensitive ears.

The Big Stick. "I've got a big stick," admitted President Roosevelt, discussing, in a recent speech, his country's relations with the Great Powers; "but I don't brandish it." One expects this restraint from Mr. President, but it is clear that the man in the American street believes in using sticks when he possesses them. The younger generation of the citizens of the U.S.A. is not likely to keep the big stick in the background. All classes of school - children are taught military exercises and marching. Minor tactics and military drill are taught in preparatory schools. When the young American gets half a chance, he is wont to beat drums, fire guns, put on uniform, and generally to prospect the noisiest road to glory. While a country is proceeding on these lines and is the proud possessor of the most unblushing Press in the world, shares in the International Peace Movement will continue to be quoted at a discount. America has made so much, that the temptation to add military history to the manufactures of the twentieth century may prove irresistible.

The Cross-Channel Journey. I seem to remember a remark made by Mr. J. L. Toole, in reference to the cross-Channel journey, to the effect that, since Britannia ruled the waves, it behaved her to rule them straighter. Well, in the days of strained

relations between Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven on the one side, and Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe on the other, the vexed condition of the narrow seas seemed very right and proper. Now, the case is altered, and thinking men are quick to realise that by the time Frenchman or Briton has crossed the Channel to embrace his sometime foe, he may be too ill to fulfil the object of his journey. It is hardly surprising, under these circumstances, to find people talking of the Channel Tunnel again, or going into elaborate details about a proposed ferry that is destined to make the crooked straight. Such a ferry would take five years in the making. In the meantime, Messrs. Jacques Faure and Hubert Latham have crossed the Channel in a balloon, and have accomplished part of the journey at the rate of a hundred and ten kilomètres per hour, a pace that would hardly disgrace a motor-car. With balloons above the sea, ferries upon it, and tunnels underneath, the terrors of the Channel will soon be no more than the uneasy dream of a departing generation.

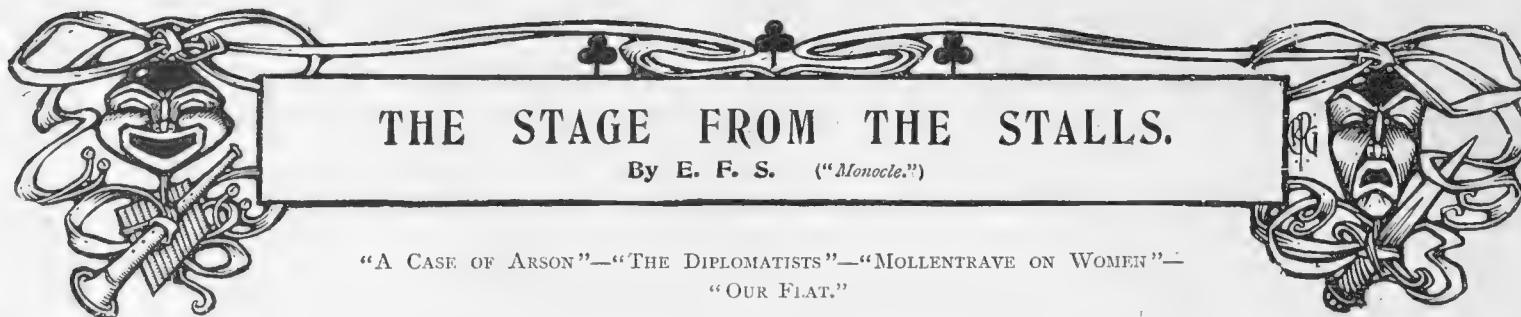
Wanted, NiSSHIN and an Historian. *Kasuga* When the *NiSSHIN* and *Kasuga* took their adventurous journey from the Mediterranean to Japan, at an hour when war was already in the air, and Russian cruisers passed through the Suez Canal almost at the same time as the Mikado's newly purchased ships, we all realised that the journey must have possessed an extraordinary degree of interest. And now, reflecting upon the recent history of the Baltic Fleet, we feel the need for a sincere and accurate historian who could give us the atmosphere of life on those ships from the day when anchors were first cast in the friendly, neutral waters of Madagascar, and Rohdestvensky's fleet saw to



"Just becos' she's a play-hactress, she can dress 'ow she likes! There wouldn't be 'arf a fuss if I went about like that!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.

the east of them the apparently illimitable range of ocean whence at any moment the terror might spring upon them. In his "Truth About the Tsar," Carl Joubert gives us one glimpse of the conditions prevailing. He declares that there are revolutionaries among the crews who will know how to act at the right moment. Of the action and the moment we know nothing. We cannot avoid the thought that a writer of parts, who could face the terrors of the hopeless journey, would have enough material by now to last him the rest of his days. And by his side the Kiplings, Joseph Conrads, and Clark Russells would bow diminished heads.



"A CASE OF ARSON"—"THE DIPLOMATISTS"—"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN"—
"OUR FLAT."

EVERYONE admits that Mr. de Vries accomplished his curious task at the Royalty in "A Case of Arson" with wonderful skill—so great, indeed, that one of the objections to the "doubling" of parts was inapplicable: I do not think anyone would have guessed the identity of the actor in his different characters. On the other hand, the mechanical overpowered the intellectual: the surprising "quick change" of costume and make-up was as amazing as the actor's alteration of voice and manner, and one forgot the play in the entertainment. The drama by Mr. Heyermans, author of the powerful work, "The Good Hope," which Miss Ellen Terry has presented with great success, may be intensely dramatic, but the curiosity, wonder, and amusement connected with the Fregoli business deprived it of due effect. Let us hope we may soon see the valuable gifts of Mr. de Vries employed legitimately. Mr. Vibart acted ably with him as the cross-examining magistrate. People seem to have been needlessly hard upon Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of "La Poudre aux Yeux." His farce, "The Diplomatists," is unambitious, and somewhat old-fashioned in humour, but clean and rather clever, and although the performance was injured by insufficiency of rehearsal, the audience was amused: plenty of honest, spontaneous laughter was caused by it; as much, indeed, as by some of the pretentious farcical works lately produced and treated with great respect. "The Diplomatists" does not show the talented adapter at his best from any point of view, yet his power of writing clever dialogue is evident in it, and a fair number of scenes are amusing, even to those who prefer a more subtle form of farce. An excellent Company presents the work, and the comic acting of Messrs. Groves, Raiemond, Garden, and Kelly is decidedly good, whilst Miss Florence St. John's performance is ingenious, and Miss Lily Grundy plays agreeably as the *ingénue*.

One interesting aspect of "The Diplomatists" is its form, for the work is in two Acts. The two-decker is rare nowadays in London, a regrettable fact. Many a subject too big for one and too small for three Acts has been condensed or expanded disastrously in order to meet the fashion. The tyranny of the three-decker is as injurious to the playwright as the three-volume system used to be to the novelist. What is the dramatist to do when he has a novel but rather slight idea? If he squeezes it into one Act, he may find it unproduced because most of the few theatres that give a *lever de rideau* choose to "play in" the house with an imitator of Corney Grain, or non-dramatic entertainers of some sort. Naturally, he tries to work it out into three Acts, with the result that there is a weak second Act which causes rejection by managers or condemnation by the public. Seeing that the theatres are not flourishing, it looks as if experiments should be made, and one that might be useful would be in the way of changing the form of entertainments by giving plays in unwonted shapes. I have no doubt that a programme consisting of a good two-Act farce and two-Act drama would appeal just as well as one consisting of a non-theatrical *lever de rideau* and a three-decker.

To the last two ambitious plays presented, "The Lady of Leeds" and "Mollentrave on Women," my remarks are applicable. Each suffers from a weak second Act, each has a slight theme, and both would gain if converted into works of two Acts. It may be added that, unless authors of standing like Captain Marshall and Mr. Sutro will assist, there is little likelihood of managers making the experiment. Is not the sense of disappointment felt by some when listening to the new work at the St. James's due to the feeling that there is rather too much of one idea or set of ideas? No doubt, Mollentrave, the central figure, is diverting with his collection of theories about

women: of course, he would have been more amusing if the theories had possessed some novelty and the practical application of them were to show some originality. Moreover, the comic scheme is rather puzzling: one hardly knows whether it is intended that we should regard the misogynist as a fatuous old man whose plans go right owing to pure luck, or as a really shrewd observer whose calculations enjoy a deserved success. Obscurity on such a point is not permissible. The case of Hamlet and the disputes about his character may be cited in Mr. Sutro's favour, but it is by no means certain that the quarrels concerning the disposition of the sad Prince are creditable to Shakspere: possibly the author had not a perfectly clear idea himself; worse still, there may be an element of opportunism in the affair, and some puzzling elements are, perhaps, due to modifications in the part made for the sake of the plot! Of course, it is shocking to say such a thing, even if there be some truth in it.

However, returning to Mollentrave, we find, at least, one very amusing figure, brilliantly presented by Mr. Eric Lewis and drawn really in the vein of comedy. It is the more regrettable that he is used in a farcical work in which the other characters are manoeuvred simply according to the exigencies of an intrigue possessing little ingenuity. The result was that an able actor like Mr. Norman McKinnel could make little of Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P., who, so far as characterisation is concerned, might have been a well-to-do doctor, solicitor, or engineer, or even commercial man: not a trace of the great advocate is discernible. Possibly there is a very esoteric turn of humour in this, and the author may be anxious to suggest that, out of wig and gown, a fashionable silk is a dull and commonplace fellow. Poor Miss Marion Terry's exquisite powers as comédienne were almost wasted on the part of the colourless widow. Miss Lettice Fairfax, as the pretty girl who got engaged to Sir Joseph, managed to be bright and amusing by deft performance of farcical scenes, and Mr. Leslie Faber acted

skillfully in the character of her sweetheart. Still, Mollentrave is the play, and he is a really diverting, well-imagined, admirably represented character, and amused the house immensely. The play is worth seeing for his sake, and, fortunately, he is upon the stage most of the time. So, the audience, after enjoying the sentiment of "A Maker of Men," has plenty of simple fun from the main piece.

Yet another farce—someone a little while ago said that farce was dead. "Our Flat" makes one wonder what became of the successful authoress: I can remember a sentimental play by her produced at a Vaudeville matinée after the success of her farce, and nothing else. Yet "Our Flat" should have led to commissions, since it was a capital specimen of its class and a good deal of its humour bears revival. It may be hinted that the "up-to-date" gags introduced have a new-wine-in-old-bottles effect, and are, therefore, injurious. To see Mr. Willie Edouin in his old part reminds one of the terrible number of cases during a good many years in which this admirable comedian has had to make bricks with very little clay. Some day, perhaps, he will get a rich part in a true comedy, and may I be there to see. Without being enthusiastic concerning this sudden deluge of farce, one may, at least, feel glad that the works do not belong to the *double entente* class, and that they, perhaps, indicate a reaction against the sloppy sentiment of so-called romantic drama. In "Our Flat" there is a case of a player alone in one class, but Mr. Edouin is well enough supported. Miss Polly Emery is very ingenious in the humours of the "slavey" type of which it is not difficult to grow tired. Miss Maggie Bowman, Miss Nora Lancaster, and Mr. Charles Stewart assisted usefully with excellent work.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE) AND HER CHILDREN,
PAMELA, MARJORY, AND JOHN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.

THE TRAMPS' RUSE.



A RECRUIT FOR THE NEXT DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.



MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS WIDOW TWANKEY IN "ALADDIN," AT THE SHAKESPEARE, LIVERPOOL.

Mr. George Graves, who is amusing Liverpool by his impersonation of Widow Twankey at the Shakespeare Theatre, is to return to London and to "Véronique" as soon as his pantomime engagement is finished. He will, of course, play his old part, M. Coquenard. Mr. Graves, by the way, has just arranged to appear at Drury Lane next Christmas.

Photograph by Richard Brown, Bold Street, Liverpool.

THE GIBSON GIRL BURLESQUED.



MR. HARRY RANDALL EMULATES MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD AT DRURY LANE.

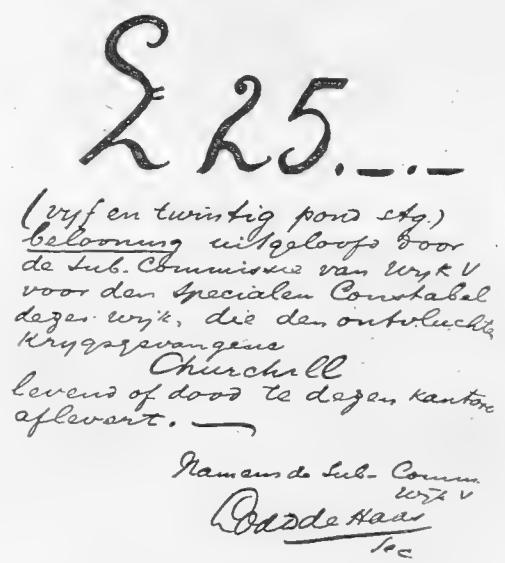
Photograph by Davey.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"CONFFOUND THAT BOY!"*

HE is of the race of giants. In the tempestuous gambols and soaring ambitions of his youth we read the promise of a mighty manhood." This is from the modest prelude, entitled "Youth and Genius," to the career of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who, at the age of thirty, has found a biographer in Mr. A. MacCallum Scott. The fervid and ingenious Scott has not executed his task by collusion with the giant. This is a pity, for Mr. Churchill might have furnished some particulars of his tempestuous gambols in the nursery. We ought to know the precise moment when he felt "the hand of destiny" first, and knew himself to be "the instrument of some great purpose of nature, only half disclosed as yet—a cell charged with a tremendous voltage of elemental energy." Why didn't Mr. Scott advertise for Mr. Churchill's nurse? That worthy lady would have let us see the infant Hercules in his cradle, and told startling tales of his elemental energy among the crockery.

This oversight is out of keeping with the spirit of a book which confesses that the "great purpose of nature," as illustrated by the giant Winston, is advertisement. "The immortal Barnum had not a greater gift for making himself and his affairs the talk of the world. Winston advertises himself as simply and unconsciously as he breathes." He was the hero of four campaigns by dint of unconscious breathing at an age when most young men of his station have just learned to swagger down Piccadilly. He was only twenty-three, and a subaltern of Hussars, when somebody forestalled Mr. MacCallum Scott, and wrote: "At the rate he goes there will hardly be room for



BOER VALUATION OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL:
"£25—DEAD OR ALIVE."

The above is a reproduction of the proclamation posted on Government House, Pretoria, after Mr. Winston Churchill's escape during the South African War. Translated, it reads:—"£25 (Twenty-five pounds sterling) Reward is offered by the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said Division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war Churchill, dead or alive, to this office. For the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, (Signed) Lodk. de Haas, Sec."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.

your party—just when your own interests are made by the great purpose of nature identical with the interests of your country—there is no guide like Winston. Beware of imitations. Look carefully at the label; none other is genuine. Whenever you have the chance, vote for Winston.

There can be no more doubt of Mr. Churchill's sincerity than of any other brand in the political market. But, with the noble aid of Mr. MacCallum Scott, he beats all rival advertisers hollow. The great national issue is "the dramatic personal struggle between Joseph Chamberlain and Winston Churchill."

"Confound that Boy! He's always doing something weird!" says Mr. Balfour in Mr. Gould's cartoon. The weirdest thing happens, no doubt, in his dreams of victory, when he sees

himself, the only Free Trade champion, overthrowing Mr. Chamberlain in the final tourney, and crying to the prostrate foe: "Yield thee, caitiff, or I'll cram this pot of Winston jam and this jar of Winston pickles down thy Protectionist throat!"

L. F. A.



THE GREAT GENERAL AND DIPLOMATIST, JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—
By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.

not the happiness of knowing that destiny meant him to advertise Winston, was easily the superior of Kitchener. In Cuba he received

* "Winston Spencer Churchill." By A. MacCallum Scott. (Methuen.)



AND HIS "GREAT" KINSMAN,—MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

Photograph by Thomson.

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURIST.



THE IRONY OF THE MAT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

OUR great unrecognised novelist, to my mind, is Mr. Leonard Merrick. In these columns, long ago, I tried to set forth his merits, and other critics have praised him with equal warmth; but to the general public, and even to the literary public, he seems to be unknown. For a reason I have never been able to understand, some English writers are favourites on the Continent who have failed to get their deserts at home, and the other day I bought in Paris quite a number of Mr. Merrick's books in the Tauchnitz edition. Among them were some I had never previously heard of. The list is as follows: "The Man who was Good," "This Stage of Fools," "Cynthia," "One Man's View," "The Actor-Manager," "The Worldlings," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," "The Quaint Companions." They have all some shining qualities.

Mr. Merrick is profoundly and supremely interested in the stage, and, somehow, though people read about actors and actresses in the newspapers, they do not read novels about them. Most of us grow weary of the world we live in and its patter. Journalists do not often write novels about journalism. If they do, they generally make fun of it. But Mr. Merrick, who has, apparently, been at the heart of stage life, who certainly knows its drawbacks and its illusions, evidently cares for it as he cares for nothing else, and writes of it with the freshness and zest of an ambitious novice. He treats the sexual question in a manner almost peculiar to himself. He has laid hold of the truth that the most unhappy of marriages are not those in which both husband and wife are discontented, but those in which one loves deeply and the other does not care. There are other situations that draw him—some of them not pleasant. Life for him is a very poor business after youth is past, and I fancy he would interpret the period of youth less liberally than most middle-aged persons are inclined to do.

It cannot be said, then, that there is much sunshine in his books, though he has an eye for compensations and a belief in the philosophy that makes the best of the inevitable. But he has an amazing power of bright, swift narrative. He can tell a story as few can tell it; he can create characters who live; he has no tricks and no affectations. His style is clear and cultured, and sometimes even fine. It is a mystery that such a writer should remain in the background. To my mind, the situation in "The Man who was Good," where Miss Brettain finds herself alone in the streets of London, is one of the most entralling in recent fiction. If the public knew the power and the fascination of Mr. Merrick's books, they would rush for them.

I apologise for returning so soon to the subject of Mr. Henry James, but I cannot help it. He has suddenly become the most

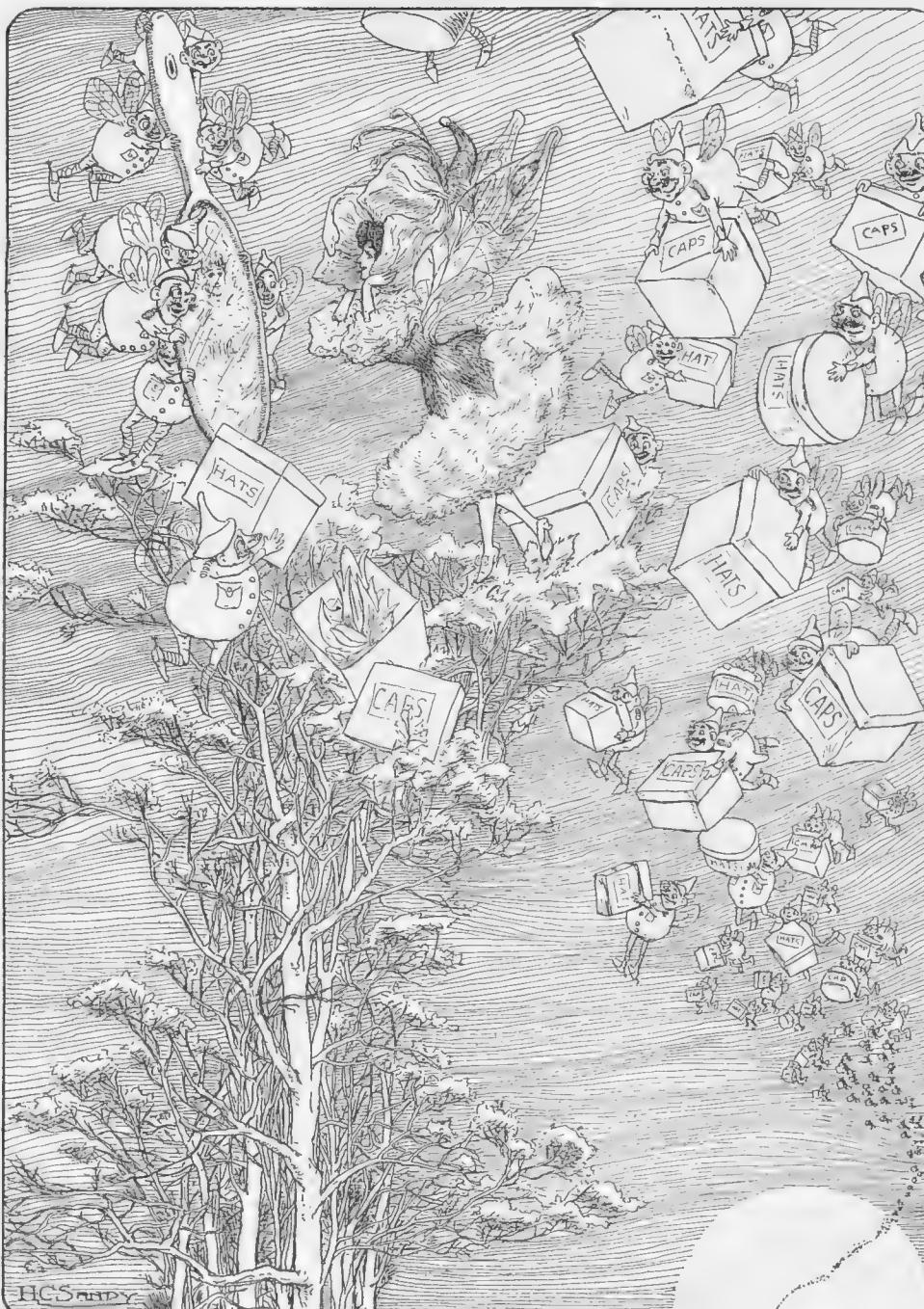
interesting literary personality of the age, both in England and in America. This vogue has arrived after a period of comparative obscurity. His new book, "The Golden Bowl," was published in America some time ago, and the papers gave it most unusual attention. We have it in England at last, and everyone is discussing it, while the reviewers have braced themselves to confront its mysteries worthily. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has dedicated her new book, "The Bell in the Fog," to him, and owned him as her master. From Mrs. Atherton's point of view, this is a great mistake. The saving merit of her work has been its untamed originality. Such as it is, it has been her own. When she attempts to follow the obscurities and sinuosities of Mr. James, she fails. The critics complain, not without reason, of Mr. James's obscurity. One of them has said that his style is that of a man who has just been warned that he is not obliged to say anything, but that whatever he does say will be taken down in writing and may be used against him in evidence.

One of the finest specimens of Mr. James's style is reported by an American interviewer. Mr. James committed himself to little save that chatter must have its uses. "There must be a public for it. Indeed, I have a reason or two to believe there persists a public for it." He closed the interview as follows: "May I add, since you spoke of having been asked to write something about me, that I have a constituted and systematic indisposition to having anything to do myself personally with anything in the nature of an interview, report, reverberation; that is, to adopting, endorsing, or in any other wise taking to myself anything that anyone may have presumed to contrive to gouge, as it were, out of me? It has, for me, nothing to do with *me*—*my me*, at all; but only with the other person's equivalent for that mystery, whatever it may be. Thereby, if you find anything to say about our apparently blameless time together—it is your little affair exclusively."

I am glad to learn that there is to be a biographical work on Rosa Bonheur. It will be called "Rosa Bonheur: Letters and Souvenirs," and has been prepared by Mr. Theodore Stanton. Mr. Stanton has examined several hundred letters of the celebrated animal-painter, most of them addressed to well-known artists and literary personalities. The recollections are contributed by a score of old friends of Rosa Bonheur, all of whom have made their mark in various callings. The book is almost an autobiography, and will offer a curious picture of art-life in France during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Spielmann is busy on his new book, which will be entitled "The Art-Life and Letters of Kate Greenaway." The volume will be elaborately illustrated.

O. O.



TITLES TRAVESTIED: "LADY MADCAP."

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.



THE BAT IN THE
BATH-ROOM.

By HAROLD SIMPSON.

IT was a somewhat pretentious house, standing in the suburbs somewhere south-east of London. A decadent verandah ran round the front, from which hung in all directions the mangled remains of what had once been a Virginia creeper. There was an air of untenancy about it which might have suggested all kinds of tragic horrors to the imaginative: pestilence, murder, ghosts, or typhoid. But Mrs. Samuel Gubbins was not imaginative. Perhaps Samuel Gubbins might have been under different circumstances, but if he was he never showed it; he lacked the courage necessary for such a display.

"I think it will suit us," said Mrs. Samuel Gubbins.

"I am sure it will," echoed Miss Samuel Gubbins.

"Looks a bit damp," suggested Samuel Gubbins junior, with a pluck that was not inherited from his father.

"Damp, nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Samuel. The faint spark of heroism died down. And Mr. Samuel Gubbins the elder said nothing.

The Samuel Gubbinses (so called to distinguish them from the family of Nathaniel Gubbins, who kept a grocer's shop, while Samuel—and don't you forget it!—was something in the City) had lived all their lives in the suburbs. They had, moreover—after, in a neighbourly way, Mr. Samuel had asked Miss Honoria Williams to share his destiny with him, and she, nothing loth, had hurried matters to a climax, for fear that he should change his mind—lived all their life in one house, and it was there that Miss and Master Samuel Gubbins had been born and bred. They had, at any rate, been born, though Mrs. Samuel in her secret heart cherished the conviction that Joe, as they called young Samuel, was the acme of good-breeding. Privately she admired his spirit when he opposed her, while publicly she crushed him as flat as any beetle. Her daughter Honoria gave her less pleasure, though she was an exact counterpart of what she herself had been in her youth. Possibly, Mrs. Samuel, like the rest of us, objected to having her past flaunted so continuously before her; perhaps she detected in Honoria a secret allegiance to her father, an allegiance always openly and vehemently repudiated, but existing, so Mrs. Samuel believed, all the same. Outwardly, Miss Honoria's sentiments were only faint echoes of her mother's, but there were times when that good lady had her suspicions. For several years Mrs. Samuel had been yearning for higher things; she wanted a house that would enable her to make a little more show, without, if possible, paying any more in the way of rent. Besides, the proximity of the grocer brother-in-law round the corner was a constant thorn in her side. But such houses were not easy to get, even in the suburbs; and now, when, after much searching, they had stumbled upon this El Dorado, Mrs. Samuel's mind was instantly made up. For the rent was delightfully low, while the house had a certain amount of style which went straight to her heart. It was a little out of order, certainly, but, doubtless, the landlord could be induced to do something in the way of repairs, while they would, at any rate, be rid of the grocer brother-in-law. Thus, her mind was made up before she set foot in the house; but she went through the tour of inspection in a critical manner, as a concession to the conventionalities.

Samuel viewed the house with dismay. His dislike for it was as instant as his better-half's approval. He considered it far too pretentious; it would take a terrible lot of keeping up, and he groaned inwardly as he thought of the drain upon his slender income. Why was it that a woman could never be content in her proper sphere of life? Man, he reflected bitterly, knew his place and stayed there; but woman must for ever be ousting someone else, or pushing her way on to a plane which was far too high for her, from which dizzy height she was constantly in imminent danger of tumbling headlong and breaking her neck, to say nothing of her own and her husband's reputation for sanity. Samuel Gubbins pondered all those things in his heart, but he said nothing. And so the tour of inspection continued.

There was no one to show them round. They had been told to call next-door for the key, and to leave it there when they had finished.

"Doesn't look as if the landlord had much hope of our taking it," remarked Samuel junior, with another brief show of spirit.

But Mrs. Samuel was too engrossed in her occupation this time even to repeat her formula about not talking nonsense. She merely sniffed. And Samuel junior made no further comment for some time. One thing, however, annoyed her greatly. By some inadvertence, two or three of the rooms were locked up, and by no possible means could they effect an entrance, though Mrs. Samuel thought the men of the party poor

creatures in consequence. But there it was. Either they would have to take those rooms on trust, or they would have to pay a second visit of inspection another day. Samuel junior was despatched by his mother to the people next-door, but came back with the message that they knew nothing about the rooms, and supposed they were always locked.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Samuel, irritably.

But this slight check had only increased her determination. She set her lips tight and turned to her husband.

"We will take the house, Samuel," she said.

"What, without seeing the other rooms?" cried Miss Honoria, off her guard for the moment. But, meeting her mother's glance the next instant, she went very red and turned away.

It was then that Samuel the elder threw a bombshell into their midst.

"I believe that this house is haunted, and that is why these rooms are locked," he declared, with some vigour. They all looked at him in astonishment. Mrs. Samuel was too taken aback at the fact of his having expressed an opinion at all to have any retort ready for the moment, or even to grasp the drift of his remark. Samuel junior opened his mouth wide, and closed it again as he gazed at his parent, while only in Miss Honoria's eyes was there a responsive twinkle. Mrs. Samuel at length found speech.

"What nonsense have you got into your head now, Samuel?" she inquired, wrathfully. "Of course, there is no necessity to see the rooms. Haunted, indeed!"

But she had run her head up against a situation which was different from anything she had ever experienced.

"I shall not take the house until I have seen those rooms," retorted Samuel, firmly. "We must come again another day."

"Come another day!" snorted Mrs. Samuel. "Really, Samuel, you talk as though you had a million of money to jingle in your pocket. Think of the expense, and time, and trouble, and all!"

But Samuel was obdurate. They returned the key to the people next-door, informed them that they intended to pay a second visit later on, when they could get the rooms opened, and made the best of their way home.

It would be difficult to say which was the most astonished member of the party. Mrs. Samuel was literally flabbergasted: twenty-seven years of married life had never prepared her for anything like this. Samuel junior, in his own mind, thought it a rum go, and wondered what the deuce had come to the governor. But Honoria took her father's arm as they walked to the station. Whereat her mother sniffed again, though this time with but poor effect.

And now to inquire into the cause of Mr. Samuel Gubbins's most marvellous and sudden transformation. It has been said that under happier conditions he might have proved to be possessed of an imagination. Though these happier conditions had never prevailed, there seems no doubt that somewhere at the back of Samuel's nature lurked the explosive spark which only required ignition to set fire to the train: illumination had come upon him like a flash; and imagination, heavily curbed and bitted till now, to vary the metaphor somewhat, had, figuratively, taken the bit between its teeth and run away with him. Like a bolting cab-horse in a London street, it fairly ran riot, knocking over and annihilating everything that stood in its way for opposition. Well might Mrs. Samuel stand aghast. She was much in the position of a policeman who until now has quelled and

directed the tumult of traffic with the uplifting of one hand, but, face to face with this new and unexpected development, stands aside in one brief moment of hesitation, and in a flash the runaway is past him, with confusion in its track. So did the imagination of Mr. Samuel Gubbins flit past Mrs. Samuel Gubbins like a veritable dream-horse, and leave her open-eyed and open-mouthed upon the street of her perplexity.

If the truth be told, not the least astonished of them all was Mr. Samuel Gubbins himself. Once astride upon his Pegasus, he was committed to the full flight of fancy that had taken hold of him, but he was in a state of complete bewilderment as to how he had got there. Still, he clung to the saddle in desperation.

It was finally decided that they should revisit the house in a week's time. Mr. Gubbins was to see the landlord, who lived in town, in the meanwhile, and get him to promise to have the rooms opened. For that week he still lived in his exalted state. Mrs. Samuel felt almost afraid of him, and the poor little man passed through an Arcady of peace that had not been his since his wedding-day. A night or two after their visit to the house, he arrived home with a parcel under his arm. This parcel, when opened, was found to contain a collection of books, which, upon further investigation, proved to be various works, ranging from fiction to science, on the subject of vampires. After dinner he insisted on reading extracts from these to the assembled circle, and in his present condition there was no one found bold enough to say him nay. For a whole week the Gubbins family lived in an atmosphere of vampires; they ate vampires, drank vampires, dreamt vampires, until Mrs. Samuel's nerves were reduced to such a pitiable state that she trembled at every sound, and frequently took fright at her own shadow. With the peculiarity of the nervously distraught, she piled on the horrors by reading the books herself in the daytime while Samuel was away, and by the end of the week she was as nearly as possible a complete wreck, mental and physical. Even Samuel junior was affected by the prevailing depression, and no longer indulged in his fancy for sitting up late at night, a proceeding that his mother had suffered on the understanding that it was considered good form. But Honoria appeared as calm as usual, though, for the sake of appearances, she felt bound to echo a little of her mother's nervousness. Yet she might frequently have been caught watching her father with a perplexed and pondering air.

The fateful day arrived. The Gubbinses had seen the landlord, who had promised to have the rooms opened at once, and had given his solemn assurance that there was nothing wrong with the house.

"It's a charming place," he had said; "I feel half tempted, if you don't take it, to live in it myself."

"He seemed," said Mr. Gubbins, in recounting this conversation "a little over-anxious to persuade me that the house *was* all right."

"Only what you and I should have done in his place, Samuel, if the house was ours," retorted Mrs. Gubbins, whose drooping spirits were beginning to revive a little at the prospect of seeing the house again.

"Yes, quite true, my dear," said Samuel, meekly. But there was a look in his eyes which seemed to give the lie to his lamb-like demeanour.

Mr. Gubbins was to come down straight from town and meet them at the house. He was there before them, and, as he stood upon the steps to watch their advent, he literally beamed upon them.

"It's all right, my dear," he cried; "the rooms are all open. We shall be able to see over the house thoroughly."

They entered the house. Mrs. Gubbins rested for a moment or two in the hall to recover her breath, for they had walked from the station. Honoria and Samuel junior took the opportunity of wandering off by themselves on a tour of inspection. Mr. Gubbins noted this fact with a gleam of satisfaction. Presently he and his spouse followed them. They looked into one or two of the hitherto unexplored rooms, and Mrs. Gubbins expressed her satisfaction. As they moved towards the last of the new discoveries, Mr. Gubbins let fall a casual remark.

"I wish," he said, "we had not been reading all those books about vampires. It makes one feel more than ever that this house might be haunted."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Samuel. But the excessive irritation of her tone betrayed an under-stratum of nervousness.

"Yes, I suppose it is nonsense, my dear," assented Mr. Gubbins, with all his old-time meekness.

He opened the door. Mrs. Gubbins pushed past him and looked in. It seemed as though there were shutters over the window, for there was hardly a gleam of light in the room. But through the shadows could be dimly discerned the clear, cold outline of a bath.

"Why, it's a bath-room!" cried Mrs. Gubbins, delightedly.

"There is nothing wonderful about a bath-room, surely, my dear," suggested Mr. Gubbins, from the door.

"Wonderful, Samuel! How foolish you are!" she retorted. "But you will, perhaps, recall the fact that we have no bath-room in our present house." She advanced a step or two into the darkness. Mr. Gubbins retreated a little farther into the passage, drawing the door imperceptibly towards him.

"True, my dear," he murmured.

"I must really get those shutters open, and see what it's like," said Mrs. Samuel, with sudden determination. She advanced another few steps. With a swift crash, Mr. Gubbins banged the door and turned the key. There was an ejaculation, compounded of surprise and anger, from inside the room. Mr. Gubbins stood with the handle of the door in his hand, perspiration pouring from his brow, and every limb trembling. Then all at once there was a series of the most heart-rending shrieks. Mr. Gubbins trembled more than ever, but did not move from his position. Still the shrieks arose, increasing in intensity. Attracted by the clamour, Honoria and Samuel junior came rushing down the passage. They found their father vainly struggling to open the bath-room door.

"Your mother!" he gasped; "in there!" And still the shrieks arose, until the sound of a heavy fall cut them short, and there succeeded to the tumult a calm far more terrible and more nerve-breaking than the tumult itself. With a strength born of desperation, Mr. Gubbins forced the door. All three were nearly precipitated into the room. Something fluttered past their heads and disappeared into the house. The room was still dark, but the form of their mother, stretched at full length upon the floor, became visible as their eyes grew used to the gloom. With some difficulty they dragged her out. Samuel junior rushed to the people next-door for brandy. By the time he returned with it his mother had partially revived. She made for Mr. Gubbins at once.

"What do you mean by locking the door on me, Samuel?" she demanded, with as much sternness as her dishevelled condition of mind and body would allow.

Mr. Gubbins looked at her and shook his head mysteriously.

"You may well ask that, Honoria," he said, in a low voice, peering furtively the while over his shoulder. Then he shuddered dramatically.

"As I stood there by the door," he went on, in the same mysterious voice, "I felt, all of a sudden, a chilly blast of air pass over me, the door banged in my face, and I was knocked backwards into the passage. Hearing your frantic cries for help, I arose and threw myself against the door; it would not yield. Honoria and Samuel found me exerting all my strength against it, and lent their aid. At last it opened. I thought it never would open. And then we found you prostrate upon the floor."

"But what was it, mother, that made you scream?" broke in Miss Honoria.

"Scream!" said Mrs. Gubbins, all her agitation returning at the remembrance. "Scream! I wonder who wouldn't scream, shut up alone in the dark, with some uncanny, black thing, cold and clammy, flapping in their face. The more I fought it, the more it came at me; it clutched at my hair, beat its wings in my eyes and my ears, tore at my lips with its claws, until, overcome with exhaustion and screaming, I sank to the ground."

"It flew past us as we opened the door," said Samuel junior, in a choked voice.

"What can it have been?" asked Honoria.

"I feared it," said her father, lugubriously. Then, in an awful tone, he uttered the one word, "Vampire!"

With a fearful shriek, Mrs. Gubbins went off into oblivion again. They got her downstairs as best they could, procured a cab, and, somehow, they reached the station, and so home. And never from that day to this has the subject been mentioned again between them. And the Samuel Gubbinses still live in the same house in which Honoria and Samuel junior were born and bred.

But on Honoria's wedding-day, when she was saying good-bye to her father before going away, there passed a word or two of intimate conversation.

"Good-bye, dear father," said Honoria.

"Good-bye, Honoria. I trust that you will be very, very happy."

She looked at him mischievously.

"There *are* dealers in Seven Dials who have bats for sale, aren't there, father?" she asked; unexpectedly.

On Mr. Gubbins's face appeared a look of consternation.

"All right, father dear; I won't tell," Honoria whispered. "And you managed it very well."

Gradually Mr. Gubbins recovered his self-possession. He raised his eyes to Honoria's. Then a little, rippling smile broke in waves over his face.

"Treat him well, Honoria," he murmured, whimsically, pointing to her husband.



THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—V.



THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



VI.—THE COMEDIAN.

"NATURE HATH FRAMED STRANGE FELLOWS IN HER TIME."—"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," Act I., Scene I.



SOME anxiety may well have been felt by the friends of Miss Winifred Emery at the idea of her undertaking so arduous a part as Beatrice after the long illness which kept her from the stage for over two years. Her acting and her success in the part have, however, seemed to combine to improve her health rather than injure it. This is, naturally, particularly gratifying to her immediate family circle; for Mrs. Cyril Maude is the proud mother of three beautiful children, Pamela, Marjory, and John, the last of whom, as the baby, receives a great share of attention, apart altogether from the fact that he is the son of the household, in which, however, there is no suggestion of favouritism between the children.

Miss Annie Hughes, who appeared at the Avenue last night as Eliza Dibb in Mr. Carton's farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," enjoys the distinction of being the only actress who is a member of the Lyceum Club. Actresses, not being regarded by the Committee as creative artists, in the sense that they do not produce any work on their own initiative, are not eligible for election, so that, as a matter of

in that city during the spring in an adaptation of "The Prince Consort," by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. For her further use in America, next season, it is also reported that Mr. Alfred Sutro has been commissioned to write her a play, which is to be delivered by Jan. 1 next. Mr. Sutro's success is another indication of the way in which the writer of the moment is run after, and managers seem to desire to make up to him by commissions for the way in which they have previously ignored his work.

The "Divine Sarah" has added yet another to her long, long list of triumphs, and, by her production of Victor Hugo's least popular tragedy, "Angelo," at the theatre that bears her name, has, to the astonishment of everybody, succeeded where both Mlle. Mars and the great Rachel had failed, and interested Paris in a play on which all critics from time immemorial had passed that worst of verdicts, "Fitter for the library than for the stage." The story of the play is too well known—most of us have had to plough through most of Hugo's plays during our school-days—to need detailed recalling.



La Tisbé (Mme. Bernhardt).

SARAH BERNHARDT IN A NEW RÔLE: THE FAMOUS ACTRESS'S PRODUCTION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "ANGELO, TYRANT OF PADUA."
ACT. I.—THE GARDEN OF LA TISBÉ.

fact, Miss Hughes's position is not due to the fact that she is a member of the calling of which she is so conspicuous and highly gifted an ornament, for it is only on the strength of original work in literature, science, or music that a woman can be elected. At one of the recent weekly Saturday dinners, which are now features of the well-known Club in Piccadilly, Miss Hughes gave striking proof that she could speak words of her own composition with all the skill and point she has given to the lines of the various authors in whose plays she has appeared. In private life she is, of course, the wife of Mr. Edmund Maurice, as clever an actor as his wife is actress.

The many admirers of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, whose non-appearance on the London stage during the last few months has been a matter for regret, will be still more sorry to learn that, in accordance with statements which have been appearing in the New York Press, her absence is likely to be a prolonged one. She has, it is said, signed a contract with Messrs. Liebler and Co., of New York, to appear

Angelo Malipieri has been sent to Venice as Podesta, or Governor, and jealous though he is of his wife, Catarina, the man himself is in love with another woman, La Tisbé, an actress. She, on her side, loves Rodolfo, whom Catarina, without knowing his real name, and having met him only once in a cathedral, loves with all the strength weak natures sometimes show. The two women meet in Catarina's bed-room, where Rodolfo is, and La Tisbé would have summoned Angelo and wrecked his young wife's life had she not seen upon the wall a cross her mother gave to Catarina, the young patrician who saved her from torture. Instead of the poison Angelo had given La Tisbé to administer, she gives Catarina a harmless narcotic, but Rodolfo, thinking that her sleep is death, stabs La Tisbé to the heart. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as La Tisbé, showed once more what a marvellous tragédienne she is, for, though two-thirds of the great audience knew each line of the play, there were few dry eyes as the curtain dropped upon each Act, and at her death, though most of us have seen her die full many a time, few of us did not shiver as we sat.

KEY-NOTES

THE closing of St. James's Hall must have recalled to many minds a thousand memories which identify England, not to say London, with the progress of all that has been best and most artistic in music, so far as chamber-concerts are involved in the matter. It was, therefore, something of a pity that the final concert did not exactly run upon the ideal lines which originally belonged to and were among the traditions of this particular Hall. A Ballad Concert is very much removed from anything in the way of that kind of high-class concert which appealed so intensely to the generation immediately before us. In those old days, men and women of refined brain and refined thought were constantly to be seen at the St. James's Hall listening to Quartets by Beethoven, by Schumann, and by other composers whose names are now entered on the scroll of fame. Never, perhaps, in the history of music has such an institution existed before. Therefore, the absence of the old, old giver of music-pleasure was doubly pathetic when it was possible on this ultimate occasion to hearken to the musical accomplishment of many distinguished artists who have had nothing to do with the building up of the artistic reputation of St. James's Hall.

Mr. Edward German, for example, may be described without inaccuracy as the successor of Sullivan; and in his beautifully alert song, "Love is Meant to Make Us Glad," Miss Martha Cunningham was quite the right interpreter of the quick and feeling music, which means much to the man who loves one hour of pure musical enjoyment, even though it possibly means a good deal less to the man who lingers for seven hours to hear the production of one single Wagnerian opera.

The Gardens of Vauxhall have long been deserted by the "flower of fashion," but still the remembrance of them lingers in the memories of those who at one time were determined to show that the South-East quarter of London was the most fashionable. North-West of the great river the trend of fashion has moved, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie has now composed for the Palace Theatre a new work ("The Knights of the Road") which would have been most incidental to the amusement of those visitors who crossed the Thames in order to find enjoyment from a musically independent point of view.

Sir Alexander has a very keen sense of humour, and the fact that he has regulated the absolute time of his inspiration to precisely half-an-hour shows how intensely illimitable, and also how limited, is the musical meaning of one who can stop at any moment and still continue in composition for endless hours. This is, of course, written but partly in earnest, because Mackenzie never does

BERLIOZ'S "FAUST" AT THE ALBERT HALL:
MR. BEN DAVIES, WHO SANG FAUST.
Photograph by Russell.

work without realising the fulness and the ripeness of that which he purposes to convey to the multitude; therefore, even as in his more Celtic compositions, if that be the correct name to assign to them, this musician deals with a matter which must appeal intensely to his sense of humour, to his sense of emotion, and also his sense of composition.

Mr. Henry Lytton has supplied the libretto for Sir Alexander Mackenzie, another point which proves how right those critics were who declared deliberately, when Mr. Lytton first joined the London Savoy Company, that his work was dictated not only from mere artistic feeling, but also from an intellectual standpoint. With those critics we entirely agree. Mr. Lytton is quite clearly a man who is not only a mime, in the phrase of Terence, but one also who understands the precise meaning of the art which he intends to realise before the

public. He is, to sum up, a man not only of plank-walking moods, but a man who is able to express himself in his moods apart from the planks.

At the Queen's Hall, a few days ago, Elgar's "The Apostles" was produced by the London Choral Society, under the *bâton* of Mr. Arthur Fagge. Elgar is, to our thinking, a very fortunate man, inasmuch as he is recognised by every competent critic, not only in England, but in France, Germany, and elsewhere, as probably the greatest musician of our time, unless the name of Strauss be both separated from and mingled with the name of Elgar. An exceedingly curious contrast between the two men might easily form the subject of a lengthy paper. But though Richard Strauss is removed from any popular thought or any popular fame by that endless fate which divides the artist from the man in the street, Elgar steps into an utterly different direction. Strauss is the great "Pagan Musician" of these days. Elgar is probably the greatest musician, from the religious point of view, that ever lived. Of course, there is no particular merit in discussing Paganism or assured religious belief in these days; Julian, the Apostle, controlled the argument of the world only on the day when he made his final ejaculation at the moment of his death. It would be superfluous to continue such an argument, although the deep Christian Meditation of Elgar proves that Julian was absolutely and entirely wrong in his ultimate judgment of things.

One particular point which it is necessary to make concerning the performance about which we have spoken is that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, in the part of Christ, was not less than musically inspired when, with immense emotion and a very great sense of the intellectual treatment of the Character, he sang those wonderful pages entitled "The Beatitudes," which are prominently noticeable even in this magnificent score. Mr. Plunket Greene interpreted the part of Judas. This is a musical character which, until Sir Edward Elgar chose to deal with it, has stepped through the time of the world as one with whom no sympathy should ever be found. Palestrina, for example, never realised the point that Judas was simply waiting for the glorification of Jehovah, and that his actions were probably based upon this belief. Elgar, with his deep sense of what is right in life, in music, and in fact, has interpreted not only the apparently impossible position of such a mind, but also the tragedy which that impossible condition must in the end find its natural punishment. Madame de Vere interpreted the double part of the Virgin Mary and the Angel, and Miss Marie Brema took the part of Mary Magdalene, these two artists thus completing a combination of women's voices that could scarcely have been bettered. Mr. Gregory Hast and Mr. Francis Braun took the parts of the two chief Apostles, St. John and St. Peter, with considerable success. To conclude, the performance was one upon which everybody concerned should be congratulated, even though Sir Edward Elgar has provided his Choir, his Orchestra, and his Soloists with an extremely difficult task.

Mr. Joseph Bennett remembers delightfully a generation which we scarcely have touch with to-day. He quotes a delightful stanza concerning Mr. J. W. Davison, who, so far as we are aware, found some reputation in certain arrangements of glass which he was wont to make upon the top of his pianoforte. These are described as the amenities of mid-Victorian Bohemia. It is good to think we have changed all that now.

COMMON CHORD.



BERLIOZ'S "FAUST" AT THE ALBERT HALL:
MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS, WHO SANG
MARGUERITE.

Photograph by Hayes, Detrou.





THE OLYMPIA SHOW—FAMOUS VISITORS—THE CLUBS' DAY—THE TYRE DETACHING AND ATTACHING COMPETITIONS—THE BRITISH ENGINEER AND THE BRITISH CAR.

THE first Automobile and Motor-car Accessories Show to be held at Olympia will be written down one of the successes of the year. By his early private visit, the Prince of Wales gave just the requisite hint to the fashionable world of London, and, from the moment of the doors opening on Friday week last until they closed last Monday, Society with a big "S" concentrated upon Olympia morning, noon, and night, by car and carriage, cars predominating. The Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Salisbury were in the Exhibition on the second day, and one was fain to remark the keenness of Mr. Balfour whenever he came across a more than usually interesting chassis. He remained for quite a space in examination of the superb 20 horse-power, 4-cylinder Ariel, which really compares over and a bit with the best in the Show. The Delaunay-Belleville chassis also held him awhile, but, true to his old love, he devoted much time to the examination of the exhibits of the Napier Stand. It is a thousand pities that the 6-cylinder flier driven so successfully in the States lately by A. Macdonald could not be got over in time for display.

Thursday was the day of the Clubs, with special reference to the Ladies' Automobile Club, which, under the enthusiastic and fostering care of the President and Secretary, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Muriel, Countess De La Warr, and others, is making such rapid progress. The very handsome reception-room on the right of the Addison Road entrance was reserved for the fair automobilists, and there they not only "te'd" themselves, but entertained friends of both sexes to tea likewise. Many delightful parties were made up for tours of the Show, under the personal conduct of a "Mere Man" or a lady member learned in all things mechanical, as far as cars go. I was more than astonished to hear ladies discussing revolutions and horse-power, change speed methods and gear-ratios, and the pros and cons of steering-wheel or pedal control of engine. The Brotherhood-Crocker system, in which the ignition looks after itself and the engine is entirely controlled as to speed by a foot-pedal moving in a small lateral arc, with the heel as a pivot, met with great favour, for by these arrangements, coupled with a very easy clutch, the Brotherhood-Crocker should be an ideal lady's car.

Quite a sensation was caused every afternoon in the Gallery by the tyre detaching and attaching competition, organised by the Continental Tyre and Caoutchouc Company on their stand. A number of very substantial prizes were offered by the Company for the best performances, each operation being timed by one or other of the Automobile Club's time-keepers, Messrs. F. Straight and H. J. Swindley. I watched some of the competitors at work, and must confess to more than mild astonishment at the rapidity with which the best of them detached the beaded-edged cover from the steel rim, slipped out the inner tube, inserted another, inflated slightly, replaced the cover, inflated with forty strokes of the pump, and screwed up mushroom studs and valve fastening. The best time made while I was a spectator was accomplished by A. Merry, of the Daimler Company, Coventry, who performed the work in the astonishingly narrow period of 6 min. 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., which may be a record. I remember that the Michelin competition of some two or three years ago at the Paris Salon was won by a man in some seven minutes odd.

The late Exhibition, like two or three of its immediate predecessors, cannot be said to have been remarkable for any startling innovations. The feature that struck the writer most pertinently was the praiseworthy endeavour made by the British automobile engineers to emulate and surpass their foreign rivals, without any tendency to slavish imitation. The British car, in its best form to-day, can give and show points to many foreign makes. There is a solidity and a simplicity, always the hall-mark of British engineering, which to-day characterises British automobile products. If any confirmation of this statement is necessary, I commend my readers to a careful comparison of, say, the Napier, Ariel, Argyll, Daimler, Brotherhood, Legros, Vauxhall, and other cars which, from truck to keelson, are British in design, in workmanship, and in material. Barring delivery, the



A SHILLING MOTOR-CAR: AN INGENIOUS MODEL RECENTLY EXHIBITED.

The miniature car shown above was made by Mr. F. W. Massey, and was recently exhibited. The rules of the competition in which it was entered stipulated that the materials used in making each article shown must not cost more than a shilling. The model, which was awarded the first certificate and a special prize, took some fifty hours to make. The wheels were cut from solid pieces of wood, and the tyres were of painted wood, indiarubber being too expensive.

Photograph by Kennedy, Alderley Edge.



A £1,300 MOTOR-CAR: MISS DOROTHY LEVITT, THE WELL-KNOWN LADY MOTORIST, ON A 20 HORSE-POWER, FOUR-CYLINDER NAPIER.

Photograph by Bassano.

British trade should soon be abreast of the demand, and as soon as English firms can deliver within a reasonable period the tide of demand for all-British cars will set in forcibly enough. There is already a most comforting anxiety on the part of buyers to buy British if they can get it.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

STARTING PRICES—ARCHITECT-JUDGES—FUTURES—LONG ODDS.

THE storm in a tea-cup over the starting-price returns has subsided somewhat, and the whole row was, I take it, the outcome of trade competition. The difference 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee is so small as to make no matter, and commission agents who believe in fair trade should allow their clients to state, when making a starting-price bet, which paper the payment should be guided by. As the Jockey Club does not take cognisance of betting, it is somewhat remarkable that the returns copied from one or other of the sporting papers should be printed in their official organ. On the other hand, it would in these days of in-and-out running be impossible to read the racing returns aright without first of all consulting the betting. We see horses starting at 20 to 1 finish down the course, while a few days later they are backed down to 6 to 4 and win in a walk. At the same time, it cannot be too widely known that the prices printed in the official organ of the Jockey Club are not collected by anyone in the service of the Stewards of the Club. I wonder that the *Pari-mutuel* has not caught on in this country. It is a fair way of betting, and the commission charged is certainly not as large as that required to keep up the bookmaker's house, his butler, his motor-car, and his little holiday in the winter to the Sunny South.

The official Judge to the Jockey Club, Mr. Robinson, has been spending a holiday in Egypt, and has returned to his duties looking all the better for his little trip. Mr. Robinson is a just Judge, and, what is more, he is a capable one. It is very seldom that we hear of dead-heats when he is in the box, and, I may add, in all my experience I have seen but twice what, in my opinion, were dead-heats at the finish of races. Mr. Robinson has been an architect. His predecessor, Judge Clark, followed the same profession, and the present Deputy-Judge, Mr. Manning, follows a similar calling, so we may justly consider that architects make perfect judges of horse-races. On one occasion, I remember a journalist friend asking Mr. Robinson what horse had won a certain race a few days previously. The Judge could not tell. "For," said he, "I do my afternoon's work, make up my books, and the thing is done with, once and for all." Mr. Robinson takes no interest in horse-racing beyond his official duties. He does not waste money in cab-fares, and he always drinks water neat with his lunch. He farmed at one

the colt's record as a two-year-old. It remains to be seen, on the other hand, how the Flying Fox three-year-olds shape. They might crack up like the Meltons. True, Gouvernant was by Flying Fox, but he ran badly at Epsom. With regard to the Lincoln Handicap, I can



THE NEW MASTER OF THE QUORN: CAPTAIN FRANK FORESTER.

The new Master was formerly in the 4th Hussars, and has hunted with the Quorn and neighbouring packs for some seasons. He has been Master of his regiment's pack in Ireland, of the County Limerick Hounds, and of the Old Berkshire. He is owner of Hackler's Pride.

After a Painting.

near nothing definite as to the running of Hackler's Pride and Ypsilanti. The latter has performed well over the course when nothing like fit, but, if he is to go for the Ascot Gold Cup, I should hardly think he would be put into strict training in the March month. Again, he is well in for the Jubilee Stakes.

Csardas will run well at Lincoln, but he is hardly likely to beat Hackler's Pride if the latter is fit and well on the day. A horse that runs well in the Cambridgeshire generally does the same at Lincoln in the following spring, and it must never be forgotten that the Netheravon people considered that Delaunay held no chance against Hackler's Pride at Newmarket, and the result of the race proved them to be right. Sir Charles Nugent's best for the Grand National will, when found, have a big following. In the meantime, I am told that Kirkland is being backed by the right people.

The Continental List men are opening books on many of the future events, but the prices offered are cramped in the extreme. For instance, in the Great Metropolitan 10 to 1 each is offered against Cliftonhall, Long Tom, and Mark Time, while only 12 to 1 is tendered against Sandboy, War Wolf, Karakoul, and Foundling, and 16 to 1 others is the biggest price on offer. Then, for the City and Suburban, St. Amant is favourite at 12 to 1, and other offers are 14 to 1 General Cronje and St. Denis, 16 to 1 Dean Swift, Nabot, and Vril, and 20 to 1 Andover, Challenger, Flower Seller, Ob, Queen's Holiday, St. Emilion, Vedas, and Whitechapel, while 25 to 1 others is,

to say the least of it, a very short price to offer on an important handicap. For the Chester Cup 16 to 1 is only offered on the field, which, by-the-bye, is all right, provided somebody knows something. Prices on the Jubilee are, to say the least, cramped. The favourite is Delaunay at 14 to 1; and other offers are 16 to 1 Fermoyle, L'Aiglon, and St. Denis, 20 to 1 Challenger, Dean Swift, Nabot, Romer, Vedas, and Ypsilanti, and 25 to 1 others.

CAPTAIN COE.



BRITISH DIPLOMATS' RECREATION IN AMERICA: SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON, MISS DURAND, AND MEMBERS OF THE EMBASSY STAFF.

Photograph by Clinelius.

time on a very large scale; but now he lives quietly at Reigate, where he is well placed for the many Park meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.

An attempt is once more being made to boom the French horses in the Derby, but I shall stick to Cicero, although a very old friend of mine tells me that Lord Rosebery was not very much impressed with

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN the spring—for spring is really here, and even sooty London sparrows are preening their plumage as they look around for mates—the eternal feminine is also considering her frocks, and those chic little toilettes, all rucked and ruched and swathed and softly falling, that peep out of their silver tissue at the dressmakers'



AN EARLY SPRING WALKING-DRESS.

answer to a correspondent's inquiry; and it should also be known that she personally directs her many flourishing businesses and can always be consulted at 29, Old Bond Street, by appointment, being now in town for the season. It has been suggested that this is an age of double-chins; but one cannot help thinking it a libel, seeing what squadrons of young and really agile grandmothers pervade the planet. Still, some are, no doubt, sedately and somnolently inclined, and with these characteristics the double-chin is doubtless inclined to keep company. To such Mrs. Pomeroy addresses some healing advice and a casket containing skin-food, oatmeal powder, and an astringent lotion all for the mere equivalent of nine shillings.

The French, who are always daring and unconventional in their colour schemes, were the first to find that green and blue go amicably together. The duet was brought in and flourished some years ago, while it is, of course, a matter of history that Watteau first found the possibilities of a marriage between blue and pink. This season our Gallic cousins are exploiting the dual attractions of pink and mauve. Of course, Dame Nature has done it before in the rhododendron, and taught us the way in which we may go; but it is really a surprise to see how charmingly these colours blend in the new silks and corded chiffon velours. This pretty little indoor afternoon-frock, for instance, is of mauve and dull-pink shot soft satin, tricked forth with lace and black velvet bows at neck and elbows. It is charming, and would bring quite a sunrise effect into a dull London room, where, be the surroundings never so artistic, a too reticent *soleil* makes gloom for three-quarters of the year. This walking-dress of reseda canvas, with white brocade revers and little



A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN OF SOFT SATIN.

braidings and buttons of black and gold, is also very bewitching, the black bow and draped belt, also of chiffon velours, giving the necessary touch of effective contrast.

Spring, that brings us so many good things—the welcome sweetness of first flowers, the vocal wooings of the birds, the

are certainly most beguiling. Inexpressibly smart are the elbow-sleeves, with their double row of ruffles, that are to figure forth on the really well-dressed—though, of course, a somewhat extravagant fashion. London atmospheric effects on the white gloves of our daily afternoon wear are peculiar and extensive. What they will run to in round figures on sixteen-button-length one declines to consider, seeing the average life of any one pair of daily-worn gloves is an afternoon if white, and not much more than a week if black. *Couturières* of practical mould are adding under-sleeves of lace or other dainty flimsiness, and retaining the white elbow-ruffles, which give nearly though not quite the same air of distinctive fashion. Miss Fortescue's frocks in "The Lady of Leeds" are the very mirror of form, and anyone wanting a forecast of Madame Fashion as she will be in the spring and summer of 1905 should see that extremely amusing and admirably acted piece. Paquin has, in fact, out-Paquined Paquin, which leaves one nothing to add.

By the way, seeing we are so fond of reverting to the modes and sumptuary methods of our forbears, it will not surprise anyone still remembering the good old days to hear that night-caps are actually coming into consideration again—not the frilled and stiffly goffered creations of the 'forties, however. The present cap has a deliberate *raison d'être*, its pious mission being to perfume the wearer's hair and so add to the sum-total of her allurements. These scented caps have been introduced by Madame Pomeroy, of 29, Old Bond Street; they are padded and highly perfumed, impart any desired fragrance to our *ondulé* long locks, and cost the modest price of seven-and-sixpence. Before departing from Madame Pomeroy, it should be added that her Russian steam-bath for the face costs twenty-five shillings—this in

lengthening days, the long, long thoughts of coming summer—also makes the razor-like winds that blow from the east fill our cup with occasional bitterness, none the less that these graceless and disgraceful breezes nip and numb, bite and wither our poor cuticle until we wish that earth might swallow our empinked and empurpled complexions or the rude son of Boreas who plays such havoc with our chiefest attractions. A panacea is, however, at hand in the neat *flacon* of "Crème Simon," did one only think of it; for this excellent emollient soothes the skin, heals, restores, and executes repairs generally in a manner at once complete and convincing. The "Crème Simon" is available at all chemists', although it is made in and has headquarters in Paris. It will be found very useful abroad, being made up in *flacons de voyage*, and should find a place in every dressing-case.

SYBIL.

SMALL TALK FROM THE BOULEVARDS.

Joan of Arc and the Schoolboys. In any other town in the world, I take it, except Paris, schoolboys who rose in riot against one of their Professors would, if they were too big to be whipped, simply be expelled and sent home, and that would be the end of their uprising. But here upon the Boulevards we have a way of laughing at our men of science and our politicians, and treating our schoolboys ultra-seriously. Could anything be much more farcical—except, that is, for the poor schoolmaster himself—than the uproar around the names of M. Thalamas and Joan of Arc? M. Thalamas, who was a Professor of History at the Lycée Condorcet, remarked in the course of a lecture that a good deal of legendary lore had probably gathered round the name of the Maid of Orleans. His class rose in its wrath, sang "Conspuez Thalamas" outside the class-room window and the windows of the history-master's house, and then marched off in a body to Joan's statue in the Rue de Rivoli, placed penny bunches of violets at her feet, and sang the "Marseillaise." They were dispersed by the police, but M. Thalamas was punished and removed to the Lycée Charlemagne.

And now, because a historical society asks M. Thalamas to give a fresh lecture upon Joan of Arc, the schoolboys of Condorcet and of Charlemagne (who have nothing whatever to do with the matter) gather round the lecture-room, demonstrate again, throw stones and other missiles, and hurt several people. They have escaped scot-free, but this time, no doubt, M. Thalamas will be guillotined. The notion of being allowed to teach your pupils only what those pupils want to learn is gloriously Gilbertian.

A Microscopic Missile.

The Ninth Correctional Chamber was crowded to overflowing this week for the "Affaire Delphin." It was a humorous business altogether. Delphin is a tiny personage of about the size of Mlle. Chiquita, the lady who is appearing at the Hippodrome just now with Machnow, and has earned himself a deserved reputation as a singer of his own songs in the Cabarets of Montmartre. The little man was waylaid by some hooligans on New Year's Eve, drew his revolver in self-defence, and "fired in the air." As the Judge put it to him, firing in the air is a most dangerous proceeding for a man of his inches, for he might easily have put somebody's eye out. As it was, a bullet the size of a pea penetrated a trouser-leg and flattened itself against the victim's shirt. There was no other wound, and Delphin, for "carriage of arms of a prohibited size," it being an offence against the French law to carry weapons which are not easily visible, was sentenced to a fine of four shillings. He paid up smilingly, and his spirited description of the affray has made the little man quite the hero of the moment on the Boulevards, for the Carillon, where he is performing, is now each night as crowded as the Court House was, and Delphin sings his prowess in undying verse.

The Secrets of the Playhouse. When their "copy" fails them, my colleagues of the Paris Press are very fond of making what they call an "Enquête," or inquiries by letter on a given subject. Just now the "Enquête à la mode" is one

in which the leading actresses of Paris are asked to confess how they cry or laugh or fall, or otherwise deport upon the stage. Some of them take the matter seriously, others are witty at the journalist's expense. Most of them—and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Mary Garden, and Suzanne Després are of the number—declare themselves incapable of saying how or why or when they cry or laugh upon the stage. I think the neatest answer of the lot was one sent in by Mlle. Polaire, the actress who has made all Paris run to see her in "Claudine." "Come to the Palais de Glace," she writes to the journalist, "and you will certainly see how I laugh if you will skate for me. Then I will skate for you, and there is little doubt that you will see how I fall. If you have luck, you may see how I cry as well."

The Civilisation of Savages.

With reference to the new cable from Brest to Dakar which has just been inaugurated, a good story of the civilisation of savages is going the rounds. During the Dahomey campaign, when the French were fighting Behanzin, it occurred to nobody in Europe that caution was necessary to prevent the savage monarch from knowing what his enemies were doing. Behanzin, however, thought otherwise, and, by means of a correspondent in London, he made arrangements that a friend of his in Dakar should, over the British cable, receive a full Reuter's service on every point likely to interest him. Reuter communicated with their Paris correspondent, the Agence Havas, and throughout the campaign Behanzin was informed of every strategic movement of the French before it took place. Colonel Dodds, who directed the French Expedition, eventually guessed that information was being given to Behanzin, so he changed his plans at the last moment without informing Paris. It was this move of Colonel Dodds which, in vulgar parlance, "gave away the show."

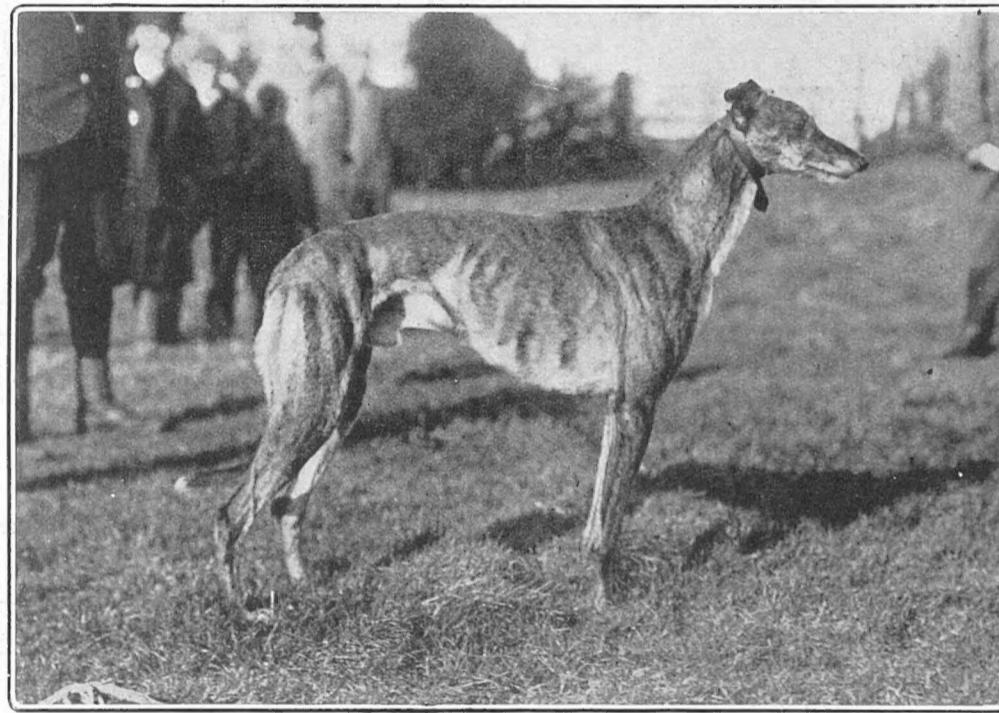
For the Agence Havas received *via* Reuter a prompt demand from Behanzin for information on the Colonel's new tactics, which, he ingenuously added, "must certainly be known in Paris." It is becoming a truism to say that there are no more children, and it will soon be right to add that there are no more savages.

Mr. Herbert Ward's New Group. Mr. Herbert Ward, a member of Stanley's celebrated rear-guard, has for the nonce abandoned exploration and is working at his art, that of the sculptor, in a Paris studio. Long seasons spent in

Central Africa have given Mr. Ward an extraordinary comprehension of the inwardness of the negro, and in his latest group, "The Bantu," he has produced what many judges here declare to be a masterpiece. The motto from St. Matthew's Gospel, "They seeing, see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand," which Mr. Ward has added to his title, is a singularly applicable one. I had the privilege of watching him at work upon "Les Bantu," and was impressed by the peculiar lack of interest which his two models took in one another. The lady, though a bright and intelligent young woman of about twelve, knowing some words of French and having quite forgotten her mother-tongue, behaved much as a puppy-dog behaves, and took considerably more interest in an opened biscuit-tin than in her comrade, who, I may add, took equally small interest in her.

We regret an error in acknowledging the centre portrait of the page of photographs of Miss Madge Crichton published in *The Sketch* of Feb. 15. This particular photograph should have been credited to the Stage Pictorial Company, and not to Messrs. Ellis and Walery.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announces that several important additions and accelerations to their passenger-train service will be made on March 1. Additional express trains will be run to and from Birmingham, several of which will perform the journey in two hours. Further accelerations will take place to Leamington, Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, and *vice versa*. Considerable improvement will be made in the through service from the North to Brighton, Eastbourne, and the South Coast generally, and a direct through service will come into operation between Oxford and Cambridge.



THE HUNDRED-TO-ONE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. W. H. PAWSON'S PISTOL II.

Pistol II., which was on offer at a hundred-to-one when the card was called over on Tuesday of last week, won Mr. W. H. Pawson, the well-known gentleman rider, his first Cup victory. He is a Border dog, weighs 63 lbs., is trained by Simpson, and has thrice competed for the Cup. Prince Plausible was the runner-up.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

THE Bank continues to increase its reserve, and the monetary position becomes stronger day by day. A year ago, the reserve was a little over twenty-five millions, or 49 per cent. of the liabilities, against a present total of twenty-eight and a-quarter millions and a proportion of 55 per cent. This state of affairs has influenced all gilt-edged securities, and especially Consols, which are over 90 again. From all sides we hear of steady investment-buying from the public, while the success of several good-class new issues encourages the hope that there is a very much more satisfactory feeling abroad.

Yankee Rails continue the wonder of the whole Stock Exchange, for, after huge rises all along the line, the market is as bullish as ever. There is no doubt that all American trade figures point to great prosperity; and as there is not much fear of any further duplication, it seems as if there is considerable ground for optimism.

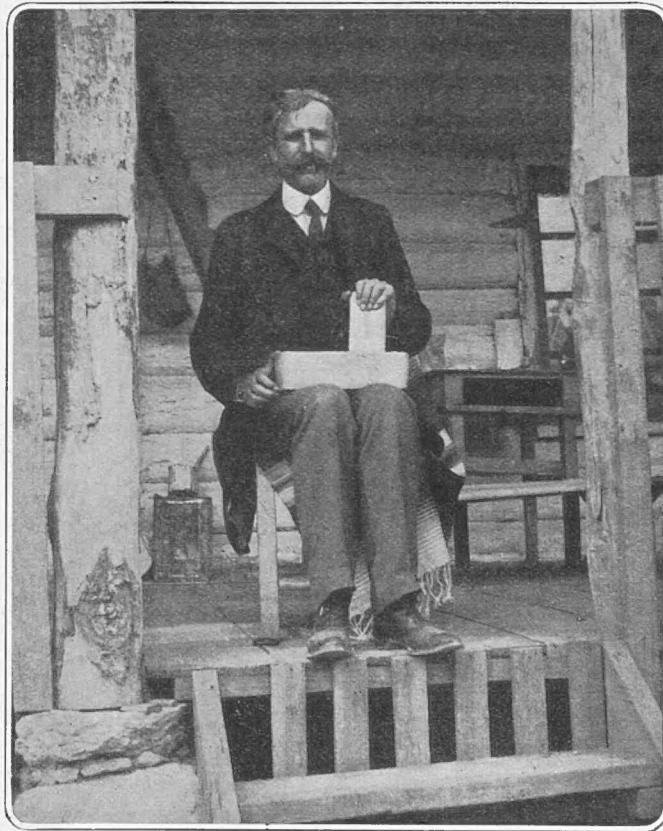
The Argentine income figures are now to hand, and prove to be considerably in excess of the Budget estimates, confirming the general opinion of the prosperous condition of the Republic. The gold income shows ten million dollars over the estimate, and has reached the large figure of 52,394,339 dollars, while the paper income has proved to be sixty-nine and three-quarter millions, or five and three-quarter millions over the estimate. The chief factor in this satisfactory state of affairs has proved to be "Customs," but nearly every item has contributed to the improvement, and the steady rise which all River Plate securities have experienced during the last twelve months seems likely to continue, although the pace will probably be somewhat modified.

The Belfast Corporation Loan looks the cheapest thing in the Corporation Market. A 3½ per cent. Trustee security at 98, well secured by one of the first half-dozen cities of the United Kingdom whose Municipal debt is by no means large, would have made men's mouths water not many years ago. Even now it should be a great success.

There is generally a fly in the ointment, however, and the great activity of the bucket-shop keepers, of which we have indisputable evidence in the shape of numerous circulars, causes us to again warn our readers to be very careful, since days of active markets are the golden times for the cover-snatchers, whose name is legion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is not often that a gold-mine has a private owner, and even the magnates of the Rand cannot be described as anything but shareholders; but Mr. McConnell is the owner of the Los Angeles Mine,

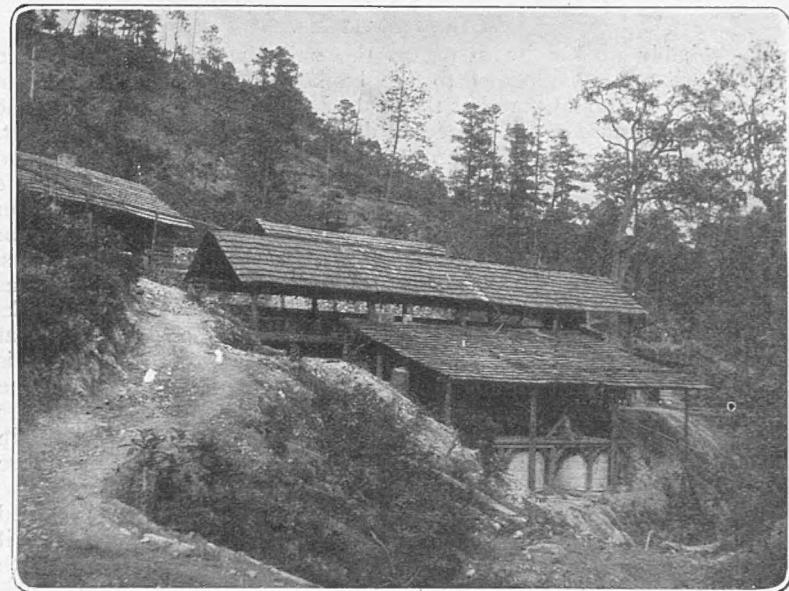


MR. McCONNELL, OWNER OF THE LOS ANGELES MINE,
WITH A MONTH'S PRODUCT IN HIS HANDS.

untrammelled by the fetters of joint-stock finance, and the portrait, for which we are indebted to the Premier Exploration and Development Syndicate, shows that gentleman with the proceeds of a month's work in his hands, in the shape of gold bars worth at least £3000. There is little doubt that the next few years will bring great development in Mexican Mining, especially State of Chihuahua, where our Yankee cousins have obtained a fair footing, and in which the Premier Syndicate have valuable rights.

CHEAPER MONEY, DEARER FUNDS.

Should the Bank Rate fail to fall at the next meeting of the Bank directors, we shall be surprised if Consols experience no relapse. The remarkable development in the gilt-edged sections is mainly founded upon the impression that money will become much cheaper in a short time, a doctrine that we ventured, at the end of last year, to forecast as likely to become popular. Optimism has set its heart upon a 2 per cent. Bank Rate, which would mean that Consols could be carried over for about 2½ per cent. (on the price), unless a particularly ponderous bull account should



CYANIDE PLANT, LOS ANGELES MINE, STATE OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

arise. Such a rate for contagion the Funds would induce buying as few other causes could, and speculative purchases of Consols are accompanied, in the general way, by investment demand for Consols' immediate satellites. It is curious to look back now at some of the prices at which loans like the Johannesburg 4 per cent., the Water Board, the last County Council, and similar stocks came out, and to moralise upon the amount of money that the borrowers might have saved had they waited until this present opportunity for obtaining good terms. But it cannot be charged against the borrowing community that the new chances for getting money are being overlooked. One issue pours out after another at a rate that gives the investor pause, if he has any memory, but the singular part of the business lies in the fact that the public rush for these loans at such a rate that stockbrokers complain about having to distribute prospectuses by hand, or by express post, if they want their clients to make application. The hunt for well-secured 4, and even 3½ per cent. investments, will continue for some time to come, and all the South African Four per Cent. Corporation stocks can be bought for steady improvement. After them, there are such bonds as Melbourne Harbour Fours, Christiania, Bergen, or Copenhagen Fours, and Railway Preferred stocks, to be recommended, while a score of sound Industrial Debentures can always be mentioned by a broker whose customer prefers to take his 4 per cent. interest from such securities rather than those in the classes already quoted.

RAILWAYS ON THE RISE.

Turning to more detailed analysis of the Home Railway Preferred stocks, to which reference has just been made, it must be stated that the level 4 per cent. can scarcely be obtained from any of the best stocks now, after the rise of the last two or three weeks. Some of them, however, yield 3½ per cent. on the money, and we look upon Great Northern Preferred or Central London Preferred as amongst the best in this particular class of Home Railway issues for the investor to buy. Caledonian Preferred deserves a word of mention, and there is the less familiar Glasgow and South-Western 2½ per cent. Preferred that stands near 68 and pays nearly 4 per cent. on the money, allowing for the accrued interest.

Money having become the paramount factor in the Home Railway, as in the gilt-edged market, the traffics are of little consequence so long as they contrive to toe the line of average respectability. Should trade suddenly swing into a stride of unexpected vitality, so much the better, of course, for Home Railway quotations, but it can continue upon humdrum lines without exerting any check over prices, now subject at the feet of money. Harking back to the prospect of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate, it is obvious that such a minimum, if announced, would send up Home Rails to levels approximating a return of 3½ or even 3¾ per cent. upon capital invested amongst Ordinary and Deferred stocks. Great Western returns 3½ per cent., and Great Eastern, did it not suffer from a miserably narrow market, would also have much to recommend it as an investment tinged with a dash of speculation.

Of the lower-priced stocks, the tip to buy North British Ordinary

has turned out well enough to justify profit-taking where a simple bull operation was intended. Those who have taken up the stock, looking to the future for their larger reward, can fortify themselves with the pleasant expectation of a better dividend this time, and the probable advance in distributions hereafter. British is so much a better buy than, say, Districts, that the critic wonders why all holders of the second do not sell in order to reinvest in the first. Heap up all the advantages likely to be derived by the District from electrification, and the Scotch stock still stands out immeasurably superior. There are tips flying about to buy Great Centrals and Little Chatham. The "Sheffield" stock, we can understand, has speculative attractions; but as for Little Chats—! Wall-paper is cheap enough, one would suppose.

MINING MATTERS.

Probably we are by no means the only ones who would like to know what has happened to the banquet finds in Rhodesia. The alluvial gold, too: where has that gone? We are moved to put the questions because of the exceeding dryness in the Rhodesian Market. Chartered touched 50s. for three giddy moments last November, and now the price is not far short of a sovereign cheaper. The Matabele Gold Reefs Company is reconstructing, and half-a-dozen other Rhodesian concerns are at their wits' ends to know where to go for money in these days when the public look coldly upon mining ventures, even in the Kaffir Circus. The goose that lays the golden egg has again been rendered timid of approach to the Mining Markets, thanks to the inveterate greed of the groups that tried to off-load shares at fanciful prices during the little winter boomlet of December. It is surely high time that the big houses began to recognise how that the public have grown wiser since the days when anything could be swallowed that sprang from the Rand. The public reject Randfontein because of the huge capital; they decline Rand Mines, those 5s. shares standing at 215s.; they look at Modders, and doubt the advisability of giving over £10 for a share upon which no dividend has ever been paid. Apprehensions of what the Liberals might do if they came into power and reversed the present Government's South African policy are another cause for restraint of buying, although, if Mr. Balfour were succeeded to-morrow by Sir H. C.-B., we doubt whether there would be much change in South African affairs. The Kaffir Circus, nevertheless, remains tiresomely dull, and the Rhodesian Market is tailing away, miserably unsupported. Bulls of shares in both departments have to derive what amount of comfort they can from the consideration that it is the unexpected that always happens. And certainly few people look for an early revival.

THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY.

As we anticipated, despite the official denials, a definite agreement has been come to with the National Telephone Company for dealing with the whole of their business at the expiration of the concession on Dec. 31, 1911. On the whole, the Postmaster-General and the public are to be congratulated upon the terms of the bargain, which is both fair to the old Company and to the country at large. It is satisfactory that nothing is to be paid for goodwill, and the acquisition of the plant on terms of paying for it as machinery fixed and in working order, is only what a purchaser who is going to make use of what he buys should expect to give. How the arrangement will give the holders of the Deferred stock anything like the present market-price of their holdings we do not see, but, of course, they will get seven years' dividends. The late Chairman of the Company would have struggled hard to make a better bargain, and would probably have done so—at least, if his negotiations had been with some of the late Postmaster-Generals we could name. It was so important to prevent, even for a day, the interruption of the country's telephone business, and for the next few years to have it carried on in an effective manner, that the advantages of coming to terms which will enable the Company to do justice to its subscribers until the end of its concession were of sufficient importance to justify paying reasonable value for the plant when the end comes.

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. H. B.—We can only repeat what we have so often said, that 10 per cent. cannot be obtained without considerable risk. If you want safety with such interest, we would rather not advise.

CHILD'S HILL.—Our inquiries in the paper trade lead us to think the business is a good one.

ANXIOUS.—The people whose circular you send us should be avoided. They were mixed up in some very doubtful Texas Oil concerns.

ADVICE (Saltash).—The Mine and the Railway are all right as speculative purchases. You have described with accuracy the effect of buying the Waterworks shares, and you had better leave them alone. Trustee shares are about 17s. They are a good purchase, and yield 5½ per cent. on £2 5s., which is the amount paid-up. The only objection is the liability of £3 per share. We expect the dividend will be increased this year or next.

PISA.—Considering present prices, we hardly like to advise sale of any of your securities. We do not like the Kaffir Consols. As to the Hotel shares, if trade and Stock Exchange business improve, the Company should do better, but the whole list is very speculative. You would do better if you had some of your money in River Plate concerns, such as Gas or Bank shares.

CAUTION.—Very little seems to be known on the London market of the Café shares, but competition is excessive in this kind of business, especially in London.

A. O. R.—United States Debenture Preference stock would do for you. It is really well secured, but difficult to deal in.

FINE-ART PLATES.



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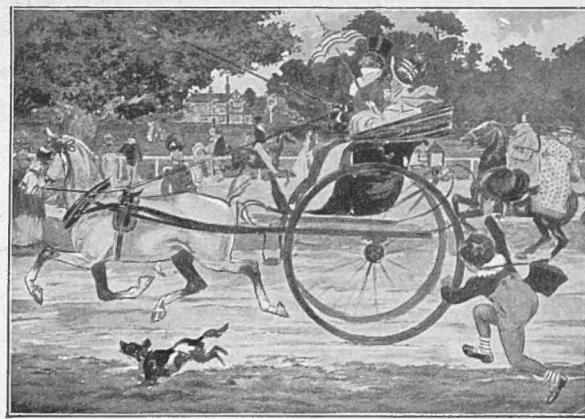
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